HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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SETH LOW.

CANDIDATE OF THE CITIZENS' UNION FOR MAYOR OF GREATER NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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THE Grand Jury of the County of New York has made a presentment on the subject of taxation. A complaint was made against the tax officials, charging undervaluations of property, and therefore perjury, but the Grand Jury finds in effect that the State laws are of such a character that assessors are almost inevitably led into blunders, and it recommends a general revision of the tax laws imposing upon the State the duty of assessing personal property, so that local expenditure may be paid by real-estate taxes alone, and the "question of continuing or abolishing personal taxes" be "fought out on State lines."

THE bimetallists are again at their old mischief-making game. Mr. GRENFELL and Lord ALDENHAM the other day wrote and signed a communication to the *London Times* urging the necessity of the movement to compel a "par of exchange" between gold and silver. Immediately afterwards a rumor was current in London financial circles that the government was about to do "something for silver." This rumor accompanied Senator WOLCOTT'S reappearance in London, and must have greatly comforted the wanderer's mind. It was stated that the "government will make concessions, including the holding of one-fifth of the Bank of England's note reserve in silver, raising the legal-tender value of silver from £2 to £5, and reopening the Indian mints." But since the rumor appeared it has been announced that the government denies it, and that the Indian government will not consent to a reopening of its mints.

THIS rumor, of course, greatly encouraged the silver men of this country, who do not care so much for the establishment of a "par of exchange" as for making a steady market for silver, for cheapening the money in which wages are paid, for lightening the burden of the debtor and thereby cheating the creditor, and for procuring the votes of the dishonest and the deluded. The chief mission of the international bimetallists seems to be the encouragement of the free coinage 16 to 1 men, and the encouragement generally comes along at the proper psychological moment. Just now it makes its appearance when gold is leaving England for this country, and when American securities are regaining some of the confidence that is always lost when silver men are most hopeful.

THE Boule has apparently accepted the terms of the treaty which puts the Greek revenues under control of a commission for purposes already described. The RALLI government has been forced to resign, and M. ZAIMIS, a nephew of M. DELYANNIS, has formed a new government, which proposes to arrange a method for meeting the obligations of the treaty, and has received a vote of confidence from the Boule. It is difficult to see, however, how Greece can do what the powers have insisted on. The whole story is humiliating to Europe. It is perfectly clear that the powers have not dared compel the Sultan to accept a peace that Greece could well afford to purchase, and that Lord SALISBURY has permitted the temporary extinction of this Christian government at the demand of the German Emperor and for the protection of the German bondholders.

GREAT BRITAIN has finally notified this government that she will not participate in the Bering Sea Commission if Japan and Russia are to take part. This is another proof that Lord SALISBURY is a weak and untrustworthy Minister of Foreign Affairs, a fact which is now sadly admitted even by his Tory friends and former admirers. Lord SALISBURY, it appears, at first tacitly agreed to the Commission with the other two powers represented. But Canada objects because the verdict of the three powers—the United States, Russia, and Japan—would be against the claims and position of the Canadian sealers as to the effect of pelagic sealing on the seal herds. Therefore Lord SALISBURY has yielded, as he abandoned his nearly completed agreement with Mr. BAYARD in 1888.

THE municipal contest in New York is attracting the attention not only of the whole country, but of Canada and England. Some of the London newspapers have recently contained editorials on the situation not wholly uninformed. The truth is that democracy, applied to municipal government, is once more on trial. In New York, now the second city in the world, it is to be decided whether good citizens are actively and aggressively in favor of good government or are indifferent to it. There is only one ticket in the field that stands for good municipal government pure and simple. That ticket is now complete, and we are speaking the simple and moderate language of truth and reflection when we say that it is the best municipal ticket that has ever been nominated by any body of citizens in this country, and we doubt if it has ever been equalled, either for character or ability—it has certainly never been surpassed—in any city in the world where popular government prevails.

THE nomination of Mr. SETH LOW was made by honest men, who, whatever else may be said of them, are determined, if they can accomplish the result, that the city shall be managed by its friends instead of by its enemies; in other words, that its officials shall consider only the city's interests, and that those interests shall cease to be the spoil of piratical bosses and organizations. Last week the ticket was completed, and its distinction was enormously increased by the nomination of Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD for the office of Comptroller. The city is to be congratulated on the possession of such a citizen as Mr. FAIRCHILD, who is willing to make great sacrifices for the public good, and also on the possession of a body of citizens who have not only the intelligence but the civic virtues that prompt the selection of such a candidate and the conduct of such a campaign as is sure to follow. Mr. FAIRCHILD is one of the most conspicuous and most respected figures in national politics, and it is a great privilege to the citizens of New York that they have the opportunity to avail themselves of his services. It is enough to say of the rest of the ticket that it is worthy of the two whom we have already named.

MR. HENRY GEORGE has practically refused to stand as the representative of the two leading political organizations which first named him, and he has insisted on a nomination by a mass-meeting. Mr. GEORGE is an honest man with whose principles we do not agree, but whose manliness and straightforwardness we can only admire. He is the only candidate for Mayor, except Mr. LOW, who is making a campaign of principle. His Mayoralty would not, we think, be for the best interests of the community; and he is the avowed representative of Bryanism, having been declared "regular," in opposition to Tammany, by many members of the National Bryan Democratic Committee. But this at least may be said of him: he is appealing to the intelligence of the voters and not to their cupidity, and it is much better that they should think wrong than that they should be corrupted by money or by politics. Moreover, his mass-meeting was a vigorous and wholesome protest against machine rule.

NEITHER of the two machine candidates is to be counted as worthy of the support of honest and intelligent men. At present it seems as if the choice here was between Mr. TRACY and the Third Avenue Railroad and Tammany and the Metropolitan Traction Company. It is the people and good government against the bosses, corruption, and the surface railroads. We are aware that Mr. WHITNEY has departed for Europe, leaving behind him a mild word of reproof for the Tammany ticket. But it is quite likely that Mr. WHITNEY'S presence in this country would eventually do Tammany much more harm than his spoken doubt as to Judge VAN WYCK'S strength as a candidate. It is perhaps not too early to say that the machines are showing signs of weakness, and that the two candidates—especially Mr. LOW—whose friends are asking for the support of the voters on questions of principle and character, are exhibiting the kind of strength that grows with the tests of time and of a campaign.

SENATOR MORGAN'S report as to the strength of the annexation sentiment in Hawaii is a wholly useless bit of untruth. Not only is it known that the great majority of the people who live in the Sandwich Islands are opposed to annexation to the United States, but it is also known that the Americans of Honolulu and the Jingoes of this country do not propose to consider the feelings or wishes of the natives. Is it not enough to plunder the people of their islands and of their right to self-government? Why add to the crime the folly of telling a transparent untruth? It is evident that Senator MORGAN cannot miss an opportunity to demonstrate the exceeding great age to which his mind has attained. Senator LODGE is franker without being any the less wicked. He says that if it is developed next December that there is not a two-thirds vote for the annexation treaty in the Senate, the Jingoes in the two Houses will annex the islands by legislation, which will require only a majority in each body. The sum and substance of it all is, that unless the folly of Congress shall be cured by public sentiment, we are likely to have Hawaii on our hands. Whether or not we shall have a war immediately is not of the first importance. We shall have changed our foreign policy, and unless we are to have many wars and to go through much tribulation, we must have a more intelligent and a stronger government at Washington than that which is now so unconcernedly toying with destiny.

SPAIN'S new cabinet has been made up by Señor SAGASTA. It is Liberal, and yet it is Spanish. SAGASTA himself has probably no more idea of accepting the mediation of this country than his predecessor, CÁNOVAS, had, and events are not drifting in that direction. As WEYLER has been replaced by BLANCO in Cuba, it may be assumed to be probable that the outrages and murders, of which we have heard so much complaint, will cease there. And in view of that, the Jingoes who have been insisting on the interference of this country because of the cruelties practised by the Spaniards should wait and see what the new government will do. It is clear that the Queen Regent is opposed to cruelties, and it is fair to presume that SAGASTA agrees with her, since she forced out AZCARRAGA and invited SAGASTA to be his successor. It is said that the President is troubled by the approaching meeting between himself and the Congressional Jingoes. It is to be hoped that he will not pander to his apprehension, but that he will permit the Jingoes to go their own way. If they are eager to cover themselves with infamy, and to plunge the country into a wicked war, they will insist on interference by the United States even if the Spanish government has actually removed every moral cause for interference. We had hoped that events were drifting toward mediation because we believed that Spain would find it impossible to put an end to the insurrection by conciliation, and when her failure became inevitable, if in the mean time our government had behaved itself with the circumspection that has thus far characterized Mr. McKINLEY'S administration, Spain might have been brought to see that her interests and her dignity would be best protected by our mediation. But it is clear that she cannot be bullied into asking for our assistance, and judging from recent news from Cuba, it is going to be very easy to bring on a war. The relations between the two countries are undoubtedly very near the breaking-point. War can be compelled by the continuance of WEYLER'S barbarities, or by our own meddling Jingoes.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT.

THE most interesting political movement in the country is the gradual growth of the National Democratic party. It is interesting in many ways. In the first place, it is an intelligent protest against the spread of certain exaggerated outgrowths of Republican faith, or at least of Republican practice. In this respect the party is the only organized antagonist of recent Republican declarations and legislation; for the branch of the Democratic party which is known as "regular" because it followed Mr. BRYAN last year is a party of collectivists, a party that holds to the doctrine that the powers and resources of the state ought to be employed for the advantage, the profit, and the sustenance of the citizen. The Republican party diverts the taxing power from public to private ends, for the purpose of aiding the strong, the rich, the enterprising, the self-sufficient. The declared theory is, of course, that taxes that increase the prosperity of the employer will, indirectly at all events, make for the welfare of the employed. The BRYAN party merely betters its instruction. Believing that the protective tariff, or paternalism, is the fixed policy of the government, many of the Democratic Senators and Representatives, who have remained "regular," say that if any plundering is going on, they will insist on some of the spoils for their constituents; while all the Bryanites demand cheap money, state ownership of railroad, telegraph, and telephone lines; the subordination of

the judges to popular passion; finally, legislation for the pecuniary benefit of the weak and incompetent. They would probably assert that eventually all classes should equally enjoy the fruits of the common property and of what they denominate the common labor and enterprise, meaning thereby the labor and enterprise exerted in behalf of all members of the community, including the idle and worthless, by the industrious and intelligent. But at first, and probably to make things even, they are content to change the business partnership into which the government has been forced by making the unsuccessful instead of the successful the beneficiaries of this great public trust, whose purpose is partly commercial and partly eleemosynary, and wholly corrupting.

It is against this tendency that the National Democratic party is forming. Its leaders probably sympathize more with those who want government aid for the poor than with those who are for continuing the public bounty to the strong and successful. But they and their organization are against the communistic principle which is the soul of the two larger parties. The National Democratic party represents individualism. It stands for "fair play and no favor." Its ideal government would neither help nor hinder any one in the struggle for wealth. Its sole beneficiaries would be the absolutely helpless who are frankly the objects of public charity. It would administer equal laws, bearing as lightly as possible upon individual effort. It would tax no man for the benefit of any other. It is a movement away from the policy which has transformed Congress into a body of agents for private interests, and which has made the executive and judicial branches of the government instrumentalities for the collection of the public bounty and for the protection of its beneficiaries. It is thoroughly an American movement, having for its object the attainment of better government for the whole country and the limiting of the exercise of government powers to the maintenance and increase of the general welfare. It is the only party that now exists which is opposed to the debasement of the standard of value, and which, at the same time, is opposed to the use of the taxing power for private interests; is favorable to the extension of commerce; is hostile to the Jingo element, which would neglect the obvious duties of our domestic policy for the sake of gaining islands of the sea, and of forcing a precarious and costly participation in the broils that are the chief concern of monarchical Europe.

The character of the movement is therefore most interesting. Whether the movement itself is to become important depends upon the enthusiasm of its leaders. Perhaps it is true that its purpose is not calculated to arouse strong popular enthusiasm. No issue which it advocates and no wrong which it opposes involves a moral question like that which was awakening the conscience and stirring the pulse of the nation when the Republican party was born. And yet, while it is probable that the National Democratic party must move with slow steps, it is the only third party which has been formed since the war which contains the essential germ of long life, a fundamental principle or standard for the conduct of the government. Therein lies the hope of its growing importance.

Thus far the movement has progressed. This at least may be said of it. It has met with no discouragement except in New York, which, although not the State of the origin of the new party, is the State in which began the revolt against the Democratic machine; for it was in New York, in 1892, that the Democrats who believed in sound money, in a tariff for revenue only, in a pure civil service founded on the merit system, and in the value of personal character in politics, under the lead of Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, made a practical war upon DAVID B. HILL that rendered impossible his otherwise inevitable nomination as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Four years later the management of such men as GORMAN and HILL led to the capture of the Democratic organization by the silver men, and the new party was formed at Indianapolis. The question, after Mr. MCKINLEY's election, was whether it would continue to exist. Events have made its existence important. During the summer just passed some of the old Democratic leaders, who are not blessed with principles on any subject, and who accepted Mr. BRYAN and his platform for the sake of regularity, attempted to induce the party, as it is composed today, to turn its back upon the silver question. The gold Democrats did not walk into the trap, while the small men who came to the front last year in the old organization are determined to maintain their unaccustomed prominence. The "regular" BRYAN Democrats have captured every "regular" Democratic convention of the year, unless it be that which Mr. GORMAN held in Maryland, and of its character no one but Mr. GORMAN is certain. The National Democrats have organized in several States, including Massachusetts, Ohio, Kentucky, Nebraska, Iowa, and Michigan. They have issued addresses and platforms, and have nominated tickets. They are in the field, having for leaders the best men of the old party, including Mr. CLEVELAND, Mr. CARLISLE, Mr. FAIRCHILD, Mr. WATTERSON, Mr. J. STERLING MORTON, and the young men of Massachusetts who made WILLIAM E. RUSSELL Governor of that State. New York is wanting, because its formal organization, by accepting its candidate for the Court of Appeals, has strengthened the hands of the old machine, which it is its first duty to break into pieces. But notwithstanding this grievous mistake, there is every sign that the National Democratic party will play an important part in the next year's Congressional campaign, and, unless conditions greatly change, a still more important part in the Presidential campaign of 1900.

THE PROGRESS OF INDEPENDENCE IN MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE municipal campaign in Greater New York affords striking proof of the irresistible force with which the necessity of separating municipal affairs from national politics has impressed itself not only upon the minds of unprejudiced citizens, but upon the machine politicians themselves. It is a curious fact that even Tammany Hall comes before the public with a platform which is almost exclusively devoted to municipal questions. No doubt Tammany has this time peculiar reasons for keeping its recent attitude with regard to national politics under a veil. It would rather have the good people of New York forget that last year it had first passed strong resolutions in favor of a sound-money policy, and then, after the Chicago convention, turned round and supported the free-silver-coinage candidate for the Presidency. On the other hand, it has an equally bad municipal record behind it, and thus every reason to divert public attention from the vile odor clinging to its past performances in the management of city affairs. In this dilemma it prefers, after all, to appeal to the people for their votes on the ground of the fine things it promises to do for the city in the future, and to leave its claims to "party regularity" in the background. That this is sheer hypocrisy, and that Tammany is, as usually, only after the spoils, every intelligent person knows. But its very hypocrisy involves a recognition of the fact that in the present municipal contest municipal interests are uppermost in the minds of the voters, and that the election will and should turn, not upon questions of national party politics, but upon municipal issues.

The Republican machine as personified in Boss PLATT has indeed advanced to the foreground the pretension that Republicans are bound to vote for the Republican candidates on the ground of their allegiance to the regular Republican party in its national capacity. The boss was obliged to do this because only on that ground could he maintain any claim at all upon the Republican vote as against Mr. LOW. He, therefore, did everything in his power to create an excitement on the money question which would serve to hold the Republicans together. But that effort has ignominiously failed. People stubbornly insist upon thinking now, as to the coming election, of municipal interests, and not of the money question or of the tariff, and the Republican machine feels itself obliged to take up the municipal subject, which it had so far treated as of secondary importance, as the principal one, while urging its party claims in an apologetic sort of way. In other words, the Republican machine is, as such, on the defensive, with a very poor prospect of making that defence turn to its advantage.

The organizations which started the HENRY GEORGE movement were originally impelled by the desire of punishing Tammany Hall for its disinclination to drag national politics into the municipal contest by a reaffirmation of the Chicago platform, and they still seem to be nursing a hope of establishing for themselves, by putting forth such a reaffirmation, a right to be regarded as the "regular" Democratic organization of Greater New York. But they, too, in the conduct of the contest, lay far greater stress upon what they are going to do in various ways for the people of this city than upon their connection with a national party.

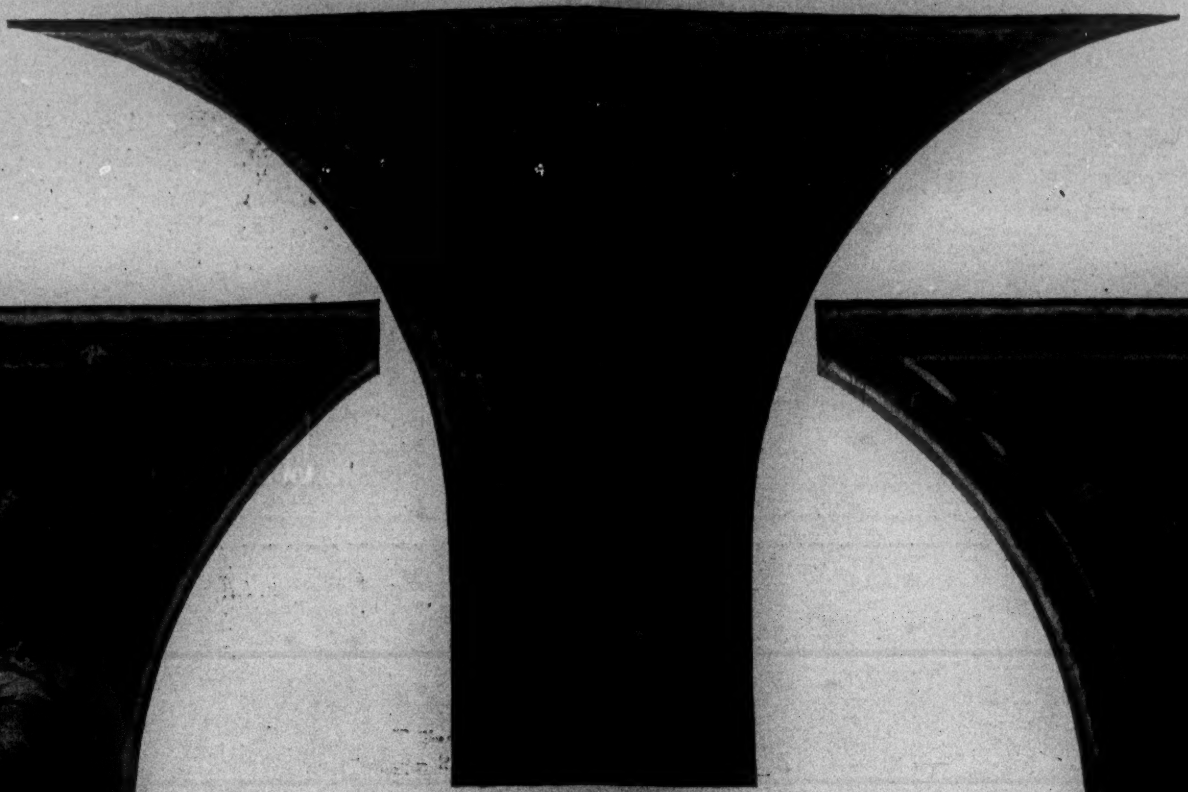
Thus every important organization in the field that originally proceeded on the basis of national partisanship, and still keeps up some pretension of that sort, virtually acknowledges that in a municipal contest municipal interests will be the decisive issue, whether they like it or not. They all have sneered at non-partisanship in municipal government, and are perhaps still doing so to maintain an appearance of consistency; but they all are substantially admitting that partisanship as to national politics is, in municipal contests, not a matter of prime importance, but is only lugged in as an adventitious aid. So much has been gained by the general progress of public opinion in consequence of the more extended and more earnest study of the municipal problem that has for some time been going on all over the country; and it may be said that in New York that progress of public opinion has been especially stimulated by the action of the late Constitutional Convention in separating municipal from national and State elections, and more recently by the conspicuous example of non-partisanship set and maintained in this city by the Citizens' Union.

It should, however, not be concluded that their reluctant yielding to the non-partisan principle in municipal contests will determine any of the organizations mentioned to act upon that principle in case it should be successful in the election. A Tammany Mayor would instantly distribute the municipal offices within his gift among Tammany heelers, and he would do the utmost in his power to circumvent the civil service law to the end of opening the minor places, too, to the Tammany crowd. There is not the slightest doubt that a Tammany victory would, notwithstanding the smooth promises now made by that organization, give Greater New York as corrupt, rapacious, and disgraceful a government as old New York has ever had. Should the Republican machine win, it is indeed probable that Mr. TRACY, as Mayor, would shrink from permitting Boss PLATT and his mercenary band of "boys" to do their very worst. But the power that made him a candidate, and the manner of his nomination, as well as the character of the support he receives, forbid us to expect that he would organize the city government upon any other than a partisan basis, and that the men appointed by him would subordinate the interest of the party to the interest of the public. And what the outcome of party service inside of the municipal service generally is we have known from no end of warning examples. Neither would Mr. HENRY GEORGE, if he were elected Mayor, be able to restrain his followers, who have the ambition of becoming the regular Democracy of New York, from using the municipal offices for the building up of a party machine of their own. Thus we cannot hope for any of those advantages to the city which practical non-partisan government would develop from any of those organizations that recognize the superiority of municipal to party interests in municipal contests only involuntarily, merely in yielding to the force of circumstances.

If the citizens of Greater New York wish to reap the real fruits of non-partisan municipal government they must put that government into the hands of men who sincerely believe in the principle, and whose primary object it is to carry that principle into living reality. And for this they enjoy at present the best of opportunities. The Citizens' Union was organized for the very purpose of giving Greater New York a chance of obtaining a truly non-partisan administration—that is, an administration organized with an eye single to good government without any regard to mere party interest. The Citizens' Union has faithfully withstood every temptation to enter with partisan bodies into any combinations that might have obliged it to serve partisan ends. It has firmly maintained that its purpose was not merely to defeat Tammany, but to rescue the administration of municipal affairs from the grasp of any partisan politics, of whatever name or description. It has nominated as its candidate for the Mayoralty Mr. SETH LOW, a gentleman of the highest character, superior ability, and proved public spirit, who has already, as Mayor of Brooklyn, shown that he knows what non-partisan government really is, and how its fruits are to be secured to the people. It has nominated for other elective municipal offices candidates on the ground of their conspicuous merit. They all understand that if elected it will be their first duty, to the performance of which they are bound by every consideration of honor and good faith, to conduct the administration of their offices solely for the public good, without the slightest regard to partisan advantage. In fact, they will not fail to remember that they have been elected for that very purpose.

Thus the citizens of Greater New York have now an opportunity for securing to themselves the blessing of a municipal administration devoted wholly and exclusively to the public interest. If they fail to avail themselves of this opportunity and prefer to renew the sad experience of partisan misrule, they will present a sorry spectacle to the world and pay dearly for their folly.

CARL SCHURZ.



SPANDREL, EAST WALL.
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SPANDREL, EAST WALL.
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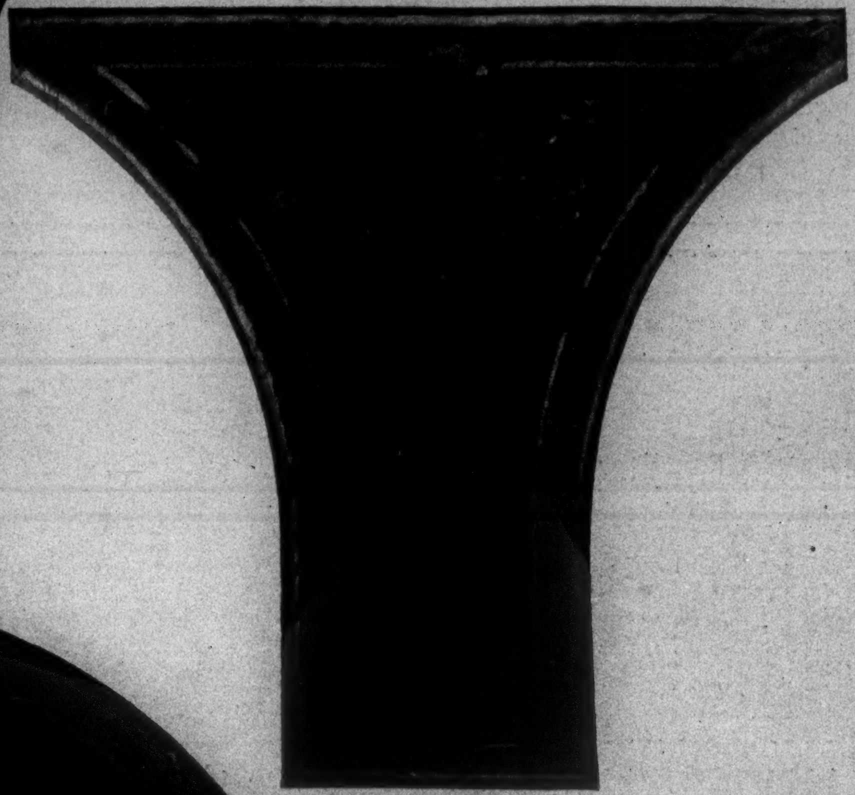

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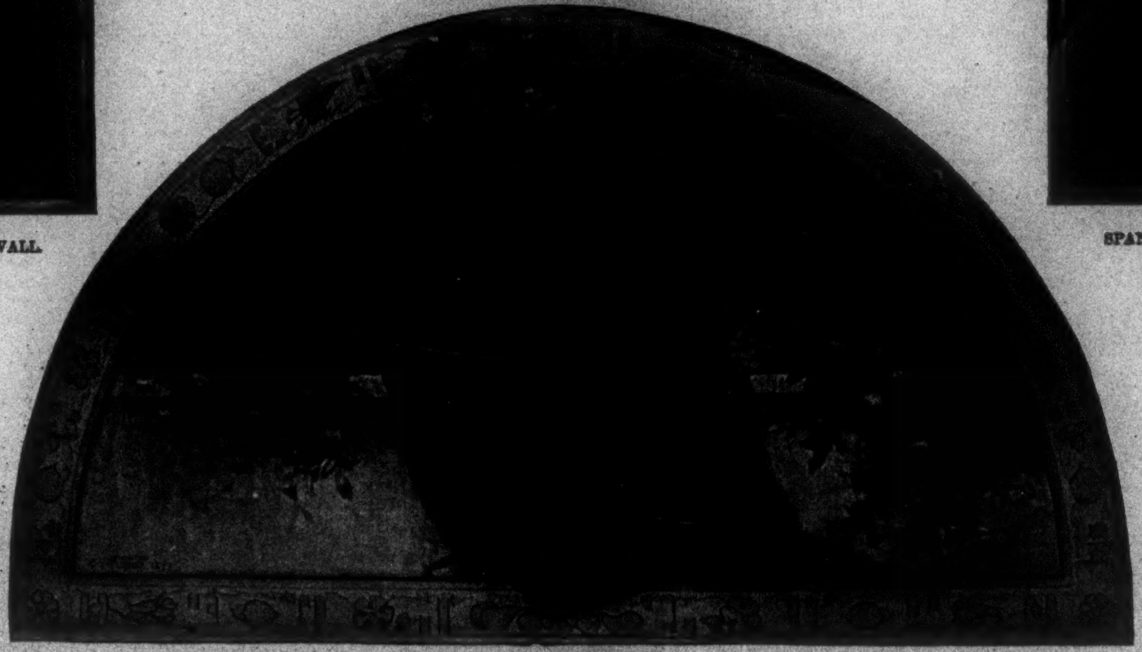


ONE OF TWO LUNETTES FOR THE SOUTH WALL.

DECORATIVE PAINTINGS BY C. Y. TURNER IN THE DINING-ROOM OF THE ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK.—[See Page 1081.]

"THE DANCE"—FRAGMENT FROM CEILING OF BALL-ROOM.

DECORATIVE PAINTING BY EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD FOR THE ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 1031.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Berlin, *September 23, 1897.*

There is an industrial exposition now going on in Leipsic, where Germans go to admire the enterprise of German manufacturers, which is an excellent thing. This enterprise, however, needs looking after by our people. To illustrate my meaning: The jury of awards was about to give a medal to a manufacturer who professed to have made an exceedingly ingenious lock. There happened to be an American upon this jury, who was struck by the resemblance between this and similar American articles; so he asked permission to scratch the enamel upon the alleged German prize product, and there found, to the surprise of all but himself, that it was a strictly Yankee lock, whose trade-mark had been dishonestly concealed. If this were a singular case it would not be worth noting, but our embassy in Berlin has its attention called almost daily to practices of this kind.

Another trick which injures American commerce more than we suspect is this: A German manufacturer secures the exclusive agency for certain American patented articles. He then orders one of each and has them accurately copied, and placed upon the market as genuine German products. Of course he makes these in every way cheaper than the American, and manages to evade prosecution by advertising them, not as American, but based upon American patterns. Thus the genuine American article becomes discredited in German eyes through the cheap imitations.

It has happened that boxes of American produce-packers have been used a second time by German agents in order to sell bad German beef or pork under an American label. These tricks are so shabby, and find so little condemnation at the hands of the German official and agrarian press, that our own government ought to step in and give our manufacturers not "protection" on the Dingley bill plan, but the protection of common justice that is nominally guaranteed by our international treaties. It is strange at this time to learn that about seventy-five per cent. of American consuls in Germany are Germans, and by no means men fit for the grave responsibilities of their position.

We Americans are inclined to think that if we have a good case against a foreign country, and furnish satisfactory evidence, we will, as a matter of course, obtain justice, whether we have good consuls or bad consuls to watch our interests. That is a mistake springing from our idealism in matters political. Germany, for instance, does not desire the competition of American wheat or American pork, or American foodstuffs of any kind. We furnish her with abundant evidence that our provisions are vastly better than what she herself places upon the market, yet she courteously but firmly reiterates her proposition that American food is tainted, and therefore unfit for German consumption. Within a mile from where my house-boat is anchored, pigs, chickens, and cattle are in a state of epidemic disease, yet no one forbids these tainted articles of food poisoning the neighbors roundabout. The German lives in a state of mild panic regarding disease in his meat and drink. About Berlin, at least, the person who dares drink a glass of fresh milk is regarded as a reckless defier of Providence. In a country where the most beautiful landscapes are concealed by the multiplicity of police warnings, it is yet found impossible to produce an average cow fit to be milked, or an average pig fit to be killed.

Yet food is dear in Prussia, and consequently the people are poorly fed. Near me lives a hotel-keeper who is a tenant of the German crown, and he keeps a cow, which eats most of the swill of the neighborhood. That cow has not been out of her stable the whole of this past summer; and before knowing this I bought some of her milk. This milk produced no cream, and was as tasteless as the "Kaffir milk" of Delagoa Bay. That cow is dying from want of light, air, exercise, and fresh fodder. In the adjoining village, which is part of one of the Emperor's parks, all the cows are locked up night and day throughout the year in dark, ill-ventilated quarters, under the same roof with the peasants. The wonder to me is not that the cattle die of contagious diseases, but that they live long enough to generate the necessary germs. Yet I am referring here to a little village of about thirty houses, five miles from any railway station, in the midst of an imperial domain rarely trodden excepting by government officials. When these officials permit such cruelty to animals as this, can we wonder that they lend themselves to fanatical persecution of American foodstuff?

If the facts were known, the world would be convinced that while Europe has no need to fear American beef and pork, we, on our side, should rigorously prohibit German food of like nature, even when it has passed a government inspection.

The visit of the German Emperor to Buda-Pesth gave the Hungarians the opportunity they highly appreciated of showing hospitality to the stranger and having a glorious holiday. The Magyar has much of the American in his temperament. He is responsive, chivalrous, and, above all, sensitive to his national honor. It flattered the Magyar nation that the German Emperor should pay a particular visit to Hungary as an independent kingdom. Nothing irritates the Hungarian so much as to be referred to as a mere fragment of the Austrian Empire. The German Emperor cleverly adapted himself to the Hungarian mood, and left upon those who saw him the impression of a strong, sympathetic, and soldierly nature. For him and for the Magyars the visit was a very good thing, but I doubt if either he or the Emperor Franz Joseph quite understood the significance of this fraternization between the Prussian King by Divine Right and the subjects of Franz Joseph, who claim an equal title at the hands of the Almighty.

Modern Hungarian history furnishes only two events where Prussia has been in a position to affect Magyar interests. In 1848 Louis Kossuth and the patriots of his kind fought a bloody war of insurrection against the Austrian government and this same Emperor Franz Joseph. While the Hapsburg monarch was shivering in alarm over the progress of his Magyar mob, there was another revolution going on in Berlin, which drove the late "William the Great" into exile, and kept Frederick William IV. a prisoner in his palace. The noble Hungarian then found sympathy from their German brethren on the Spree.

In 1866 Hungarians again became indebted to Germans, this time not to a Berlin mob, but to that same military government that had triumphed over the Berlin mob of 1848. Austria was engaged in war with old King William, and she closed that war suddenly not so much because Moltke defeated her at Königgrätz, but because she had good reason for thinking that Hungary would once more break out in rebellion and become the ally of Prussia. Aside from these two rebellious events in Hungarian history, there is no love lost between the individual Hungarian and the individual German, any more than there is between the Russian and the German. There is a radical difference in the temperament of the two peoples that will not be effaced, even by the most demonstrative of imperial visits. The German language is all but boycotted in Hungary, and German subjects who seek to do business with the Magyars must change their names so as not to offend the susceptibilities of their customers. Neumann becomes "Nemenyi," Bumberger becomes "Vambery," Ludwig becomes "Lajos," Adalbert becomes "Béla."

I wonder if the German Emperor, while toasting the Hungarians in Buda-Pesth, and referring to their magnificent fighting record, bore in mind the fact that all the fighting done by Hungarians in the last fifty years has been as rebels against the authority of a monarch "by divine right"? It only remains now for Franz Joseph, as King of Hungary, to toast the brave citizens of Berlin who fought in the barricades of 1848, and forced a Hohenzollern monarch to bare his head before a howling mob.

Poultney Bigelow.

AN INJUSTICE.

We speak of Time gone past: we do him wrong.
No weary traveller he, with scythe and glass
And deeply furrowed cheeks and hair grown long—
'Tis we who pass.

Our eyes, not his, are dimmed with many tears.
Our feeble hands grasp joys we cannot hold.
It is not Time, but we, who count the years—
'Tis we grow old.

Owen Hall.

THE DRAMA.

In his satirical speech "apologizing" for *The Devil's Disciple*, by George Bernard Shaw, after its first production last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Mr. Richard Mansfield referred to the work as "slight." He could not have defined it more aptly. The theme is simple, and it is developed without the aid of subordinate interests. The construction of a drama on such lines presents, of course, unusual difficulties, and Mr. Shaw deserves the more to be congratulated on his success in keeping his audience entertained from the first appearance of his hero till the close of the performance.

Richard Dudgeon, however, does not present himself till late in the first act, and the earlier scenes, Ibsen-like in gloom, are curiously out of harmony with the prevailing tone of the play, which is cynically humorous. Dudgeon's mother, hardly better than a common scold, is evidently introduced at the beginning to illustrate the baleful effects of the narrow Puritanism of New England during the Revolution, as well as to serve as an apology for the hero's wickedness. But so elaborate a preparation was hardly necessary, and with a merciless cutting that first act might be vastly improved. As for Dudgeon's wickedness, no one could take that seriously for a moment; it is merely an expression of his humor. He is delightfully humorous during the reading of his father's will in the presence of the canting Puritans; he even has his joke when, mistaken for Anthony Anderson, the Presbyterian minister of rebel sympathies who has returned him civility for insult, he goes quietly to what promises to be a speedy death. His wit fairly scintillates during his absurd trial before General Burgoyne and Major Swindon; and though he is somewhat subdued as he walks toward the ugly noose hanging hungry for his neck, he retains his cynicism, and he does not become really serious until he is snatched from its grip and he realizes that he has made a hero of himself.

Curiously enough, in spite of this exceedingly perverse and witty hero, *The Devil's Disciple* is serious drama. The very lightness of the treatment lends additional strength to the situations. The episode of the sinner ready to sacrifice his life to save the life of the saint is familiar enough, but Mr. Shaw, by treating it in an absolutely unconventional and natural manner, makes it wonderfully impressive. Circumstances have left Dudgeon at table in Anderson's house, alone with Mrs. Anderson. A squad of British soldiers burst suddenly into the room, and, mistaking him for the minister, arrest him with the intention of making an example of him. Very few words are spoken, and the episode is worked out simply, quietly, and dramatically. Dudgeon rises, walks slowly to the place where the minister's coat is hanging, puts it on calmly, the woman watching him, unable to speak for fear of betraying her husband. In order to sustain the deception he embraces her, and leaves without the least suggestion of bravado or sentimental heroism. After the sacrifice, however, the drama weakens. Anderson's timid little wife, who has hitherto looked upon Dudgeon with mingled horror and fascination, is constrained to tell her husband of the blunder. Instead of starting at once in pursuit of the soldiers and giving himself up, the man of peace girds on a sword and rides madly away, as his wife supposes, and as the audience has good reason to suppose, to save his own neck! Not until the last act, when he returns and rescues Dudgeon, is the truth disclosed that, instead of needlessly adding one more victim to the gallows, he chose the wiser course of saving his friend by fighting for him like a man.

In other words, to develop his drama, Mr. Shaw plays a trick on his audience. Moreover, in order to conceal his motive, he ignores the history of one of his chief characters at the very time when it is most dramatic, introducing it toward the close of the last act in the wholly inadequate form of narration. In sustaining the device, too, he breaks down in the characterization of his heroine. The minister's wife, represented as the personification of innocence, after the revelation of her husband's supposed selfishness and cowardice, at once endeavors to save his preserver. This is natural enough, but her bold protestations of love for Dudgeon could never have come from such a woman. Instead of developing his situations from his characters, Mr. Shaw develops his characters from the situations, and where character stands in the way he is unable to resist the temptation to sacrifice it.

In spite of its technical defects, however, *The Devil's Disciple* is one of the most interesting dramas produced in New York in recent years. Though, with the exception of the clergyman, the characters were not clearly defined, the actors played with exceptional skill. In the rôle of the hero Mr. Mansfield discarded his mannerisms, and gave a performance so true, so finished, so admirably shaded, that it must be regarded as one of his greatest impersonations. As the minister's wife, Miss Beatrice Cameron very nearly repeated her remarkable success of several years ago in *The Doll's House;* in looks, speech, and in action she admirably conveyed the impression of the character. Mr. Johnson acted with great dignity and power as Anderson, and in the part of General Burgoyne Mr. Forrest was spirited and effective.

Mr. Francis Powers, author of *The First Born*, said to be the first serious treatment of Chinese life in an English-speaking play, is to be congratulated on a notably brilliant achievement. On its production in New York last week it scored as great a success as attended the original representations in San Francisco a few months ago. It is very modern in conception and execution; it has several intensely dramatic situations, and the scenes and the types of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco give it the attractiveness of the picturesque and the bizarre. The wife of Chan Wang, who has deserted him for Man Low Yek, steals her child, Chan Toy, the First Born. The father, informed that Chan Toy is probably concealed in Man Low Yek's house, seeks him there, and in the struggle that follows the boy falls and is killed. Chan Wang vows vengeance, and at the first opportunity he drives his knife into Man Low Yek's back, throws the body into an alley, and stands at the entrance, peacefully smoking. The drama is played in two scenes, which might with advantage be condensed into one, and in this way made even swifter and more coherent. The author has displayed great skill in reproducing Chinese character and local color; the dialogue is, of course, maintained chiefly in English, but wherever it is possible to use the Chinese language this device is adopted, and when English-speaking characters are introduced in conversation with the Chinamen, the Chinamen resort to pidgin-English. Both the scenes are elaborately mounted, and the stage management of Mr. David Belasco created such an effect of actuality that it was one of the most notable features of the representation. The actors all played well, Mr. Powers as Chan Wang and Miss May Buckley as Loey Tsing, a slave girl, being especially fine. An interesting feature of the performance was the playing by the enlarged orchestra, which included some Chinese instruments, under the leadership of Mr. William Fürst, of Chinese airs, which Mr. Fürst had skilfully adapted to the tastes and the humors of "the foreign devils." The piece was so brief that it did not furnish what our audiences consider a sufficient evening's entertainment, so it was preceded by one of George Feydeau's farces, *A Night Session*, in which Miss May Robson, Miss Maud Haslam, E. M. Holland, and Paul Arthur distinguished themselves by uncommonly good acting.

The return of Mr. E. S. Willard to New York last week marked also the first performance here of *The Physician*, by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. The play is in Mr. Jones's characteristically bombastic and painfully sentimental manner, and narrates through a series of wearisome conversations the effort of a very self-conscious and blasé London physician, Dr. Lewin Carey, to reform an utterly uninteresting young temperance reformer, Walter Amphiel, given to prolonged sprees, in order that Amphiel may marry an ingenuous girl whom the doctor himself loves! The young man, who is a precious specimen, finally dies and makes two people happy. There is only one character in the work that is strongly drawn—Lady Valerie Camville—and she succeeds in being mildly amusing; most of the others are hopeless prigs, and the play, as a whole, is like a very cheap and old-fashioned novel. Mr. Willard, an actor of rare gifts, who would be a great actor if he could rid himself of his supreme self-consciousness, played the title rôle in a manner that was nearly always artificial, and most of the other leading performers followed his example. The exceptions included Miss Keith Wakeman, who appeared to advantage as Lady Valerie, and Mr. Oswald Yorke, who played the temperance reformer very cleverly. It is unfortunate for young actors to appear in pieces so meretricious as Mr. Jones's play; they are almost certain to fall into bad habits.

It is reported that a few prominent American actors have in mind a plan tending toward the establishment in New York of a theatre to be conducted somewhat on the lines of the Comédie Française. If this could be carried out, it would doubtless prove to be a very interesting experiment. In fact, no objection can be urged against it except the very practical one of expense. A rich man, eager to do something for art's sake, might spend a fortune to some advantage maintaining such an institution. Without an "angel" of this kind, or a choir of angels, the scheme could not be made successful, for the public would never support it. The public pays to be amused, not to be educated, or to assist in the education of young actors. In the mean time more actors than ever before are receiving professional training for their work, though the results do not seem to make any impression on the average of acting that we see on our stage. After all, the most careful training in the world will not compensate for lack of education; and education is what the actor needs more than anything else in order to interpret character with intelligence. Most of the ridiculous affectations of our actors—which spoil many a fine talent—are due simply to the consciousness of their deficiencies, to the instinctive fear that if they are simply natural these will be betrayed.

John D. Barry.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The subject of the Enchanted Mesa, which Professor Libbey believed that he had disenchanted, proves not to be one that can be dismissed in a paragraph, or even in several paragraphs. A fortnight ago it was suggested in the Weekly that Mr. F. W. Hodge's discoveries of stone axes and other relics, which Professor Libbey had not noticed, did indeed demonstrate that the mesa had been visited, but did not necessarily prove that it had ever been inhabited. That suggestion has prompted Mr. Hodge to write to the Weekly as follows:

The mere fact that there were found on the summit two fragmentary stone axes, a portion of a shell bracelet, several greatly worn potsherds of extremely ancient ware, and a projectile point would not in itself be regarded as conclusive evidence that the mesa had actually been occupied as a village site; but when we know that the summit is, and evidently long has been, absolutely inaccessible to the Indians; that it has been washed by rains and swept by winds for centuries, until scarcely any soil is left on the crest; that thousands of tons of soft sandstone have so recently fallen from the cliff that their edges have not had time to become rounded by erosion; that the topography of the summit is such that not a cupful of water now remains on the surface, save in a few eroded "pot-holes" in the sandstone, but that it rushes over the precipice on every side in a hundred cataracts; that the rude stone monument (which Professor Libbey believed might be due to erosion) in a spot well protected from surface wash is artificial beyond peradventure, as any one may judge from my photograph; that well-defined traces of an ancient ladder-trail may still be seen, pecked in the rocky wall at the very cleft through which the traditional pathway passed; and, above all, the large numbers of very ancient pottery fragments and other artefacts in the earthy talus around the base of the mesa, which *must* have been washed from the summit, for they could have occurred there in no other way—we have incontrovertible evidence that the summit of Katzimo, or Enchanted Mesa, was inhabited prior to 1540, when the present Acoma was discovered by Francisco Vazquez de Coronado, and that the last vestige of the village has long been washed or blown over the cliff.

After having examined hundreds of ruins and engaged in excavating dozens of others in the Southwest, I am fully convinced that there is ample archæologic evidence of the former occupancy of Enchanted Mesa by the Acoma Indians, and that their tradition to that effect is substantially true; and this opinion is entertained by every competent authority to whose attention these facts have been drawn.

An authority well known to the Weekly's readers, who agrees with Mr. Hodge's conclusions, is Mr. Charles F. Lummis. It was he, if the Weekly is correctly informed, who learned from the Acoma Indians the legend of the former occupation of the mesa, and first made it familiar to American readers. To him it seems to be due that enough interest was felt in the mesa to induce any one to go to the top of it. To Professor Libbey belongs at least the credit of demonstrating that the rock could be scaled, and of being the first to scale it.

It is all the time becoming more evident that when the Preacher declared that there was nothing new under the sun he made no mental reservation as to North America. Only the other day the Weekly published pictures of the sculptured stones and extensive ruins unearthed by the Peabody Museum expedition at Copan, Honduras, and highly interesting they were, though we have all known these many years, more or less, about the antiquities of Central America. Far less familiar to most Americans are the indications of a prehistoric semi-civilization in the region of the Upper Lakes. A story is going the rounds of the newspapers, credited to the Grand Rapids *Herald*, which tells of the recent opening of two large pyramid mounds near Wyman, Michigan. The first is reported to have contained three human skeletons seven feet long (which mouldered away), together with pipes and stone implements and weapons. In the second, opened on September 5, there was found, under the stump of an old pine-tree, an ornamented box containing some stone tools, and a cup with a lid which had in it five copper coins, marked with hieroglyphics which were still decipherable. The cup and casket were of burned clay. These were not Indian relics, but seemed to be the leavings of a much earlier and more highly civilized race. They are not as imposing or as important as a ruined city, but they are of lively archæological interest.

A Baptist clergyman of New York is credited with the assertion that the Baptist foreign missionaries are sustained at less cost than those of any other denomination. According to his computations, the average cost of maintenance of a Baptist missionary (including native teachers) is $209 43, whereas, he says, a Methodist costs $60 and a Presbyterian $100 more. The annual cost of the missionaries of the Christian Alliance he places at $499 10. That makes it appear as if the Baptist missionaries offered the best investment; but prudent investors will not divert their funds on the strength of these representations without further investigation. Cheap labor is not always profitable, and it is easily possible that one missionary at $1200 a year might be worth six at $200. It takes a first-rate man to make a first-rate missionary, and though it may be possible to maintain a first-rate American in a foreign land on $209 43 a year, it seems very doubtful whether his efficiency can be kept up at a rate as low as that.

One hardly knows whether to take seriously the reported displeasure of the local division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Washington because the name of Thomas Moore was not included in the list of twelve poets whose names are honorably displayed in the poets' corridor of the new Congressional Library. Six of the poets so honored are American, three English, two French, and one German. Mr. Spofford is quoted as stating that it was decided by a committee of award that Moore's merits as a poet were not so great as to entitle him to a place in this distinguished company. That will seem to most readers of poetry to be an obviously sound opinion, but apparently it has been found necessary to buttress it with additional reasons, since it is further disclosed that Moore disliked this country, and wrote displeasing verse about its citizens, and even went so far, during the period of his visit here, as to write "pointed, unpleasant, and almost unprintable things about Jefferson, who at that time was President."

Moore was certainly a poet of whom the Irish are warranted in being proud, but he was no Burns, and it seems odd that the Hibernians should concern themselves about him or show so much solicitude about his fame.

The opinion entertained by a great many more or less prejudiced persons that a good newspaper office is the best school going seems to gain some justification from certain passages in the newly issued volume of essays and discourses by President Eliot. Discussing wherein modern education has failed to do all that was expected of it, Dr. Eliot says:

These, then, are the four things in which the individual youth should be thoroughly trained, if his judgment and reasoning power are to be systematically developed: observing accurately; recording correctly; comparing, grouping, and inferring justly; and expressing cogently the results of these mental operations.

To observe accurately and record correctly are the particular things in which every reporter for a good newspaper is drilled every day, and he does not get far in his business without getting practice, almost as regular, in comparison, inference, and cogent expression. If practice in these things is the best thing for the judgment and reasoning power, we ought to be thankful that so much of it goes to equip the newspaper man for his momentous job of superintending all creation. There is no class of men in the country whose state of mind is of more importance to us than the newspaper men. It is a comfort to be able to infer from the statements of authority that there is no class that is in a better way to have its mind developed. Of course all pupils are not scholars, and the fact that newspapers constantly print inaccurate reports and draw unwarranted inferences only means that the task is quite difficult, and that the learners do imperfect work.

The death, on October 6, of Park-Commissioner William Augustus Stiles is greatly lamented in New York, and with abundant reason. Mr. Stiles was an ideal Park Commissioner. Among an unusual number of things in which he was skilled was horticulture, and of late years, since he took charge of *Garden and Forest*, it has been more than anything else his profession. As a man who knew trees and all growing things, and loved them, he was an invaluable member of the Park Commission; the more so because he had taste and skill in landscape-gardening, and practical knowledge and good sense about all matters that concerned parks and their uses. He possessed also the courage of his convictions, so that in the Park Commission he was always ready to do battle and hold out for what he believed to be wise policy.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS STILES.

It will hardly be possible to find an equally fit man to take his place as a public servant. Even more generally he will be missed and mourned as a friend and companion. He was one of the most delightful of talkers; kind, genial, companionable, most amusing in his point of view and in his use of language, and licensed always to be as funny as he chose, since the force and quality of his mind were so obvious that no amusing extravagance of talk ever deceived any sensible listener as to the real depth and gravity and sincerity of his nature.

If ever a man seemed to enjoy bad health it was Mr. Stiles. He certainly enjoyed life in spite of it. It thwarted him at every turn, and doubtless if he had been a man of less fortitude and mental energy it would have side-tracked him altogether. It hung about him most of his life, and though it limited his power of work, and drove him from one field to another, it never availed to abate his enthusiasm or to check his activities for long at a time. He was born in 1837, in Sussex County, New Jersey, and was the son of Edward A. Stiles, a well-known educator. As a child he showed great promise—in music, among other things—and early suffered in health, and especially in eyesight, from his prodigious voracity as a reader. He went to Yale College, and was graduated in 1859. He was valedictorian of his class, and was noted besides as a musician, a writer, and a wit, so that he seemed at the beginning of a brilliant career. But the intellectual part of him was too strong for his body. After teaching school and studying law, and finding his strength unequal to either, he went in 1864 to San Francisco, where, seeking out-of-door employment, he worked himself to a standstill on the Union Pacific survey. His health breaking down, he came home, and in 1869 served the city for a time as gauger, and later joined the editorial staff of the *Tribune*. He interested himself to some extent in politics in New Jersey, was nominated in 1879 for the State Senate, of which body he later served for a time as clerk. When *Garden and Forest* was started by Professor Sargent, Mr. Stiles became its managing editor. He was appointed Park Commissioner by Mayor Strong in November, 1895.

The news of the colleges begins again to materialize in regular instalments. Vassar reports efforts to modify or amend the system of self-government by the students so that it may work better. It seems that self-government has not been found to commend itself as effectually to new students as could be wished, and that rules were too much disregarded. To remedy these faults a system of representative self-government is planned, according to which each corridor shall elect a delegate to represent it before the Executive Board of the Students' Association, thereby keeping the mass of self-governing maids in closer touch with the central power, and more alive to the needs and obligations of the hour.

Yale reports about twenty-five fewer Freshmen than last year—a loss attributed to hard times. A good many graduates are more than reconciled to it, believing that Yale in its great growth in numbers may lose in compact efficiency more than she gains in numerical strength. A mass-meeting was held in New Haven, on the evening of October 6, for the purpose of reviving "the old Yale spirit," to the decadence of which Yale's recent defeats in athletics are attributed. Mr. Julian Curtis, of New York, made the principal address, in which he called for certain resuscitations of primeval Yale sentiment which would make "old Yale first and foremost on every field." Every other field would be plenty. It is surely bad for sport to have Yale win more than half the time; but when did a Yale athlete show philosophical moderation?

Harvard has more students than ever, and points with resignation to the largest Freshman class on record. This class, that of 1901, calls itself the class of one, and is termed by others the class of "naughty one." It includes reprobate members who, after they had been addressed on Bloody Monday night in Sanders Theatre by President Eliot and Governor Wolcott, and regaled with ice-cream in Memorial Hall, so far forgot their obligations as to go out and rush the Sophomores in the yard. Naughty one indeed! Harvard has received $10,000 towards a new dining-hall, of which her need is urgent.

Columbia has moved into her new quarters, and her year begins with the resignation of her president. No action will be taken on it until the next meeting of the trustees, on November 15, when it will be more feasible than at present to forecast the nature of Mr. Low's engagements for the next four years.

At Cornell this year, for the first time, all work for the A.B. degree is elective. The choice of studies by students has developed a good many surprises. Latin and Greek have more than held their own. Mathematics has gained—instead of losing, as was expected; and rhetoric, formerly a required study and exceptionally irksome, though it has lost, has not lost nearly as much as was expected. In the natural sciences there are gains and losses, but the large result of the abolition of prescribed courses is that the classics have not lost nor the sciences gained by the change.

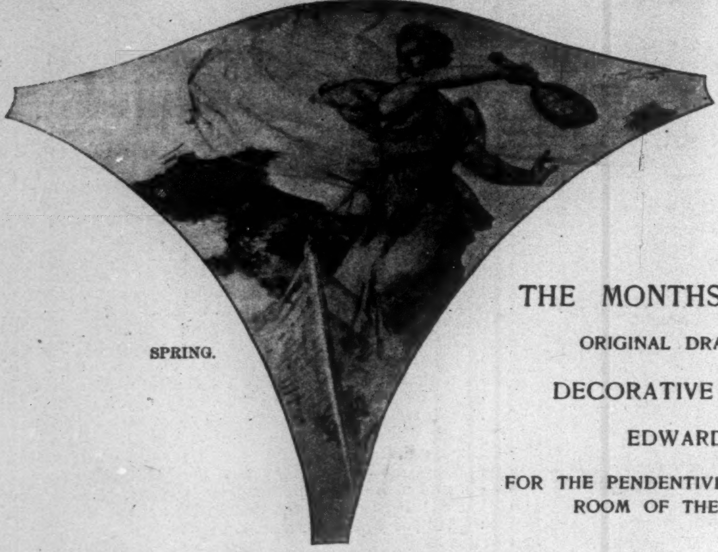
Professor George Howard Darwin, who begins on October 15 a course of Lowell lectures in Boston, is the son of Charles Darwin, and Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy in Cambridge University. He is to give ten lectures, two a week, on Tides. He knows much more about tides than any one else, more even than Bowditch's Tables, and he is going to impart to Boston as much of his erudition as she can hold. Perhaps he will be able to explain the case, believed to have been recorded by Dr. Holmes, of the historical female resident on Cape Cod who lived so long and so exclusively on clams that at length her stomach came to rise and fall with the tide. The case will interest him, and his attention should be called to it, the more so because a family lately returned from Europe reports that there are no edible clams on or adjacent to that continent, so that similar cases are not likely to have transpired abroad.

Surprise was expressed in the Weekly some weeks ago at the confidence with which the opinion was held in Chicago that the new Chicago Public Library combines beauty and utility better than any other in the country. The Chicago *Post* insists that the opinion is sound, and that while the Boston Library is probably the most spectacular library on earth, and the Congressional Library is of rare beauty as "an artist's warehouse for Congressional documents and copyrighted trash," Chicago has the most thoroughly satisfactory library in the United States. It will interest the Weekly's readers who have seen or heard so much of the libraries in Boston and Washington to know that Chicago has a building that she likes better than either. It is to be hoped that when New York's Public Library comes to be built, New York may like it with the same stout preference that Chicago shows for hers. It is a great precipitator of happiness to like your own things best.

The efforts and influence of women have been notable factors in securing clean streets in New York. So it has been in Chicago, and there one woman has finally progressed from a position outside of the work to a place of authority in the street-cleaning department. Mrs. A. E. Paul, whose portrait appears herewith, began three or four years ago to help the Civic Federation in its struggle to make Chicago a clean city. She attacked the prevailing system of garbage-gathering on the North Side, and did it with such vigor and intelligence that in six months, according to the Chicago *Times-Herald*, she had so reformed the garbage-collection system of the North Side that people hardly knew their own alleys. From that she progressed to street-sweeping, and last summer visited some of the Eastern cities and informed herself about their street-cleaning methods. Returning home, she passed a civil-service examination for inspector of street-cleaning, got the highest mark given, and was appointed inspector. At present she is in command of twenty-five uniformed sweepers, whom she has put to work on down-town streets, where all the improvement she can accomplish will be noticed and appreciated. Her efficiency is universally recognized, and the force under her is likely to be increased. She is a strong woman, both physically and in force of character. Much of her success in the garbage agitation was due to her ability to compel the contractors to live up to their agreements with the city.

MRS. A. E. PAUL.

E. S. Martin.



SPRING.

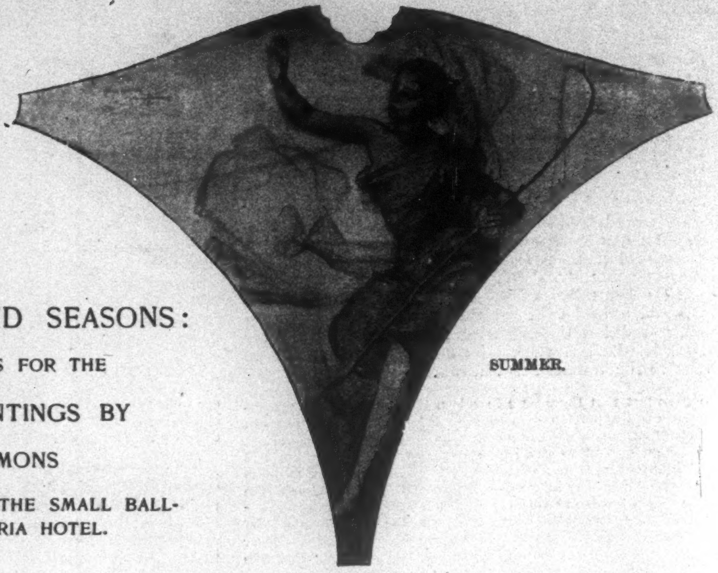
THE MONTHS AND SEASONS:

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS FOR THE

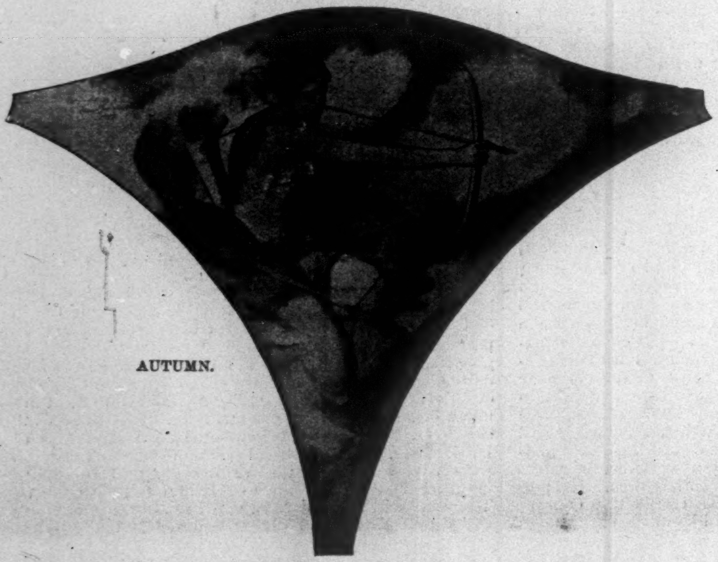
DECORATIVE PAINTINGS BY

EDWARD SIMMONS

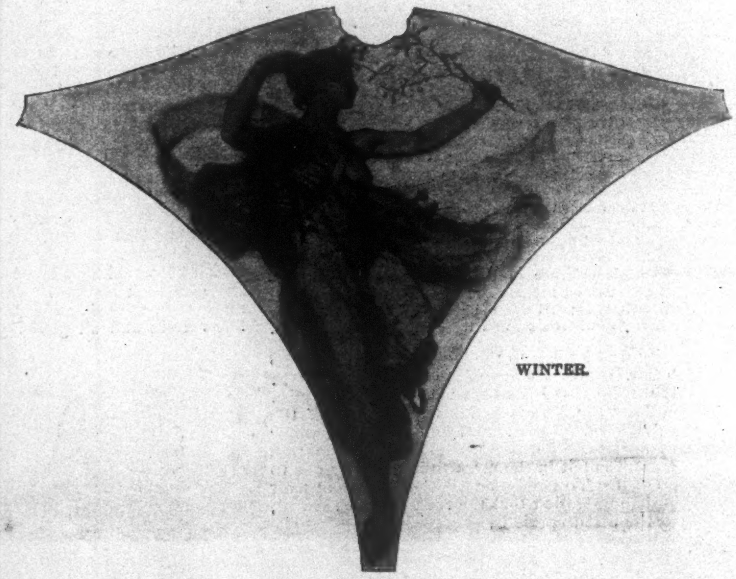
FOR THE PENDENTIVES IN THE SMALL BALL-ROOM OF THE ASTORIA HOTEL.



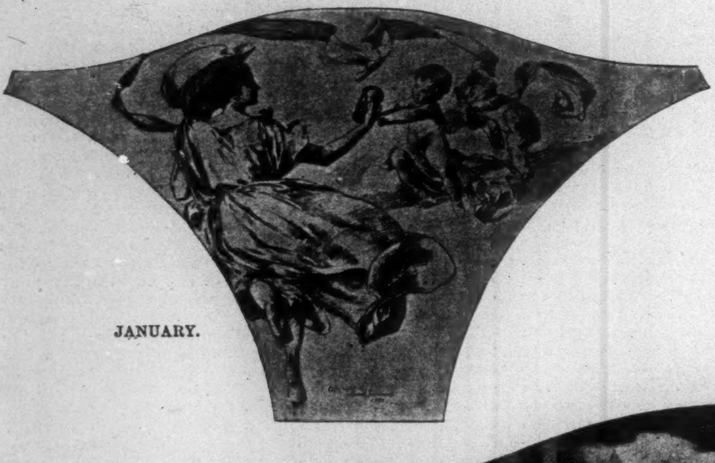
SUMMER.



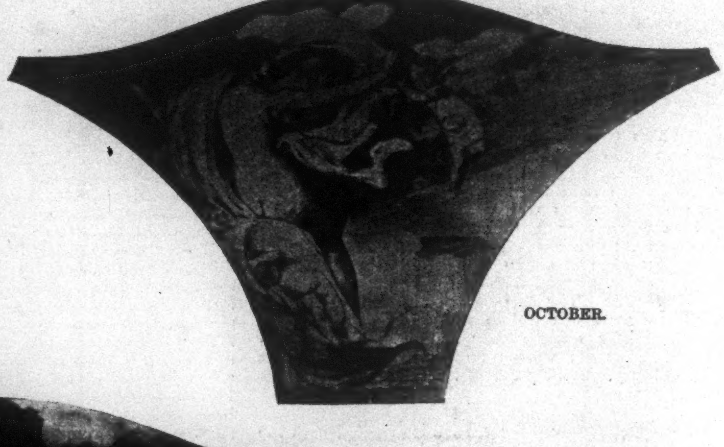
AUTUMN.



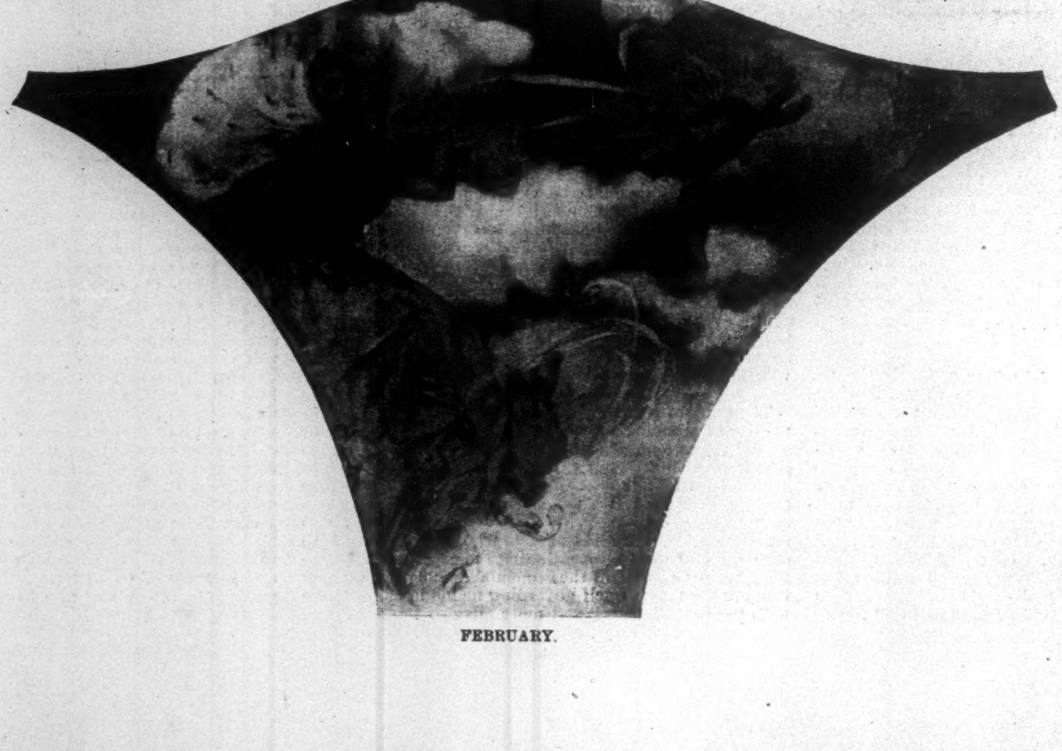
WINTER.



JANUARY.



OCTOBER.



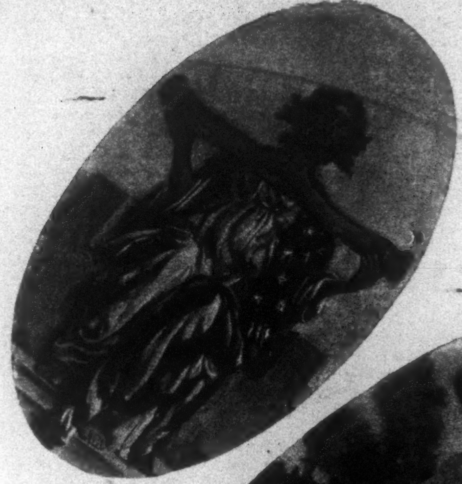
FEBRUARY.

MUSIC:

DECORATIVE PAINTINGS BY

WILL H. LOW

IN THE BALL-ROOM OF THE ASTORIA HOTEL.



AMERICA:
VOCAL MUSIC.

SPAIN:
THE CASTANETS.

ECHO:
THE MUSIC OF THE WOODS.

ITALY:
THE VIOLONCELLO.

FRANCE:
THE DRUM.

THE DANCE.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

IV.—THE TERRORS OF THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.

SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

IN pursuance of the plan suggested by the customs officer, the committee appointed to superintend the unloading of the goods has detailed a checker to act with the purser aboard the vessel as each piece comes out of the hold, and another checker to mark off each piece as it is received on shore. There is probably a hundred tons of miners' freight. Every man is expected to handle and look out for his own goods. Some bring it out of the hold; others load it upon the ship's boats, which are then rowed as far in to the beach as the shallow water permits. Then two-horse wagons are driven alongside, and the goods transferred and delivered, at a cost of a dollar a load, a

A PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE.

distance of several hundred yards up toward the town. The original plan of roping out a space was discarded, and the goods loaded upon a large float that lies high and dry well up on the beach. Here others of the miners handle the goods again, and, as far as possible, put each man's goods in a separate pile. It is a busy scene on the beach—boats are coming and going from the ship; half a dozen teams are kept busy hauling; boatmen who have come up from Juneau and elsewhere, with all sorts of rowing and sailing craft, to reap the harvest, are shouting for passengers to the vessels in the harbor, at twenty-five cents out or fifty for the round trip. They are making from fifteen to twenty dollars a day. Others are taking loads of men and goods off from earlier vessels to Dyea, to try the Chilkoot Pass. Some few miners are building large clumsy scows for the same purpose. There seems to be a general movement toward Dyea, and a few are coming this way. This seems only natural when both routes are confessedly so hard. As one man who had been upon both expressed it, "whichever way you go, you will wish you had gone the other."

We have learned already to place no reliance upon any person's word. Every one seems to have lost his head, and cannot observe or state facts. The very horses and animals seem to partake of the fever, and are restless. All is strange and unaccustomed to both men and animals. Accidents and runaways are occurring every few moments. Suddenly there is a commotion; a horse starts off with a half-packed load or a cart and cuts a swath over tents up through the town, scattering the people right and left. Then all is quiet again, until a moment later in another part there is another rumpus. This sort of thing is getting to be so common that a fellow only looks to see that the horse is not coming in the direction of his own tent, and then goes on with his work. One man was asleep in his tent, a ten by fourteen, when a horse galloped through it and carried it off bodily. No one seems to get hurt, which is amazing. The horses are green; the men are green. Men who have never before handled a horse are trying to put pack-saddles on them. Of lashing on the loads no one seems to know anything. A few have heard of the "diamond hitch," but no one seems to know how to throw it. Now and then a rider, in a loose blue shirt, from up the trail, comes cantering down to the beach, swinging his arm loosely at his side, guiding his horse by a jaunty press of the reins against the pony's neck. Every one recognizes the type of Westerner, and says, "That man there is all right."

There are several scores of tents ranging around the piles of drift-wood across the narrow valley of the Skagway. Just back of high tide a rough path which people are following leads towards the grove of cottonwoods, amid which we get glimpses of other tents and of new board shanties, from which the sound of axes and hammers comes upon the ear. The tents here in the open are all we see of Skagway. We are too busy with our affairs to look beyond. No one is permitted to take charge of his goods, to carry them away, until every parcel has been landed and assorted. There is some talk that a duty is to be collected on horses; further, that no one's freight will be delivered to him until said duty has been paid—since the horses have already been landed and lost amid the crowd of other horses. The rumor strikes consternation among us all. We are inclined to discredit it, since horses, like tents and blankets, are to be used on both sides of the line. We remember the pains we have been at to secure our transit papers, and the reassuring words of the American customs officer who came on at Mary's Island. Surely if a person has "got to have" blankets and tent, he has "got to have" horses. What provision is there for the refunding of the duty after the horses with packs have crossed the line into Canada? We are left no longer in doubt. A dapper gentleman in an Alpine hat and pointed brown shoes arrives, sets up on a post a small American flag with the perpendicular stripes of the revenue service, announces that he is the deputy collector of customs for the port, just arrived, and demands on each and every horse brought from Canada the sum of thirty dollars. Says he: "I have my instructions from the Collector for Alaska. I don't know anything about tents, blankets, etc., but I must collect thirty dollars on every Canadian horse. You can land the horses, but you must not use them here. You can send them through in charge of an inspector, but you cannot put a pack on their backs; if you do you will have to pay the duty—that's all."

I asked him if I might get upon the back of a horse of my own and ride a little way up the trail. "No, sir, you cannot." I reminded him that the horses would cross eventually into Canadian territory. "They will be of no use when you get there, and you will turn them loose—or else you will sell them here," he replied. All this is more than we could comprehend, so we were obliged—every one of us who had brought the one hundred odd horses from Victoria—to step up to the custom-house, look pleasant, and pay the thirty dollars a head on our stock. One man alone, who had contracted to put over the goods of the Mounted Police, has fifty-four head of horses upon which he has paid duty. We did not mind the remarks made inside the desk of the custom-house, such as that it "served right those who went to Canada to buy their stuff, instead of buying it in the United States." That is merely the smoke of the Seattle-Victoria fight; and we very properly joined in the laugh that followed the sally that newspaper correspondents especially should not be let up on, as they would say bad enough things anyhow. But we did mind the hardship which the payment of this duty meant upon many, if not most, of the miners. Here is a strip of territory over which there is actually some dispute. At present it is in the control of the United States. This strip of territory, a few miles in width, must be crossed before Canadian territory can again be reached. Here is a town and a trail three weeks old. There are no facilities for the transit of goods in bond. The miner's word is the only bond. The only means of transfer is the miner himself and his horse's back. The very and only means of transportation may not be used as such. The horse must eat, yet the man must carry on his own back the very oats needed to lead a horse across empty, so as to comply with the ruling of Mr. Jones, United States deputy collector for the subport of Skagway. A week later the same deputy collector ruled that horses might not even land without payment of duty. The custom-house was transferred to the cabin of the steamer *Danube* from Victoria, and no horse was permitted to land without payment of duty. No possible blame attaches to the deputy collector; he is simply doing his duty. If he presumed to exercise discretion, some one else would have his place. Somebody set out to find a high-tariff Republican, but could not find one in the camp—no, I mistake; there was one, who came out and paid his thirty dollars like a man. The custom-house is one of the few wooden buildings in town. It is a twelve-by-sixteen one-story board structure on the main street, called, I learn, "Broadway," but which is nothing more than a pair of black muddy wagon ruts winding around stumps in a rambling way into the woods. When the customs flag is not doing duty on the post down upon the beach, it is tacked flat on the front of the building, at the right hand of the door. A further sign announces that here is also the office of the United States commissioner. Government is further represented here by a deputy marshal. Inquiry reveals that properly the office of all three officials is at Dyea, which has been made the sub-port. But since the creation of Dyea as a sub-port White Pass trail has been opened, the town of Skagway started, and practically all the business attending upon the carrying on of government has been at Skagway. Every vessel is now stopping at Skagway; there the people are. Dyea is four or five miles distant, deserted almost. But in order to cover both points effectively the court is held on a point of rocks, known as Richard's Landing, half-way between the two places. To this place the commissioner comes at stated intervals, from Juneau, and holds court. I shall have occasion to describe the holding of court there at a later time.

Being anxious for a glimpse of the trail, Jim and I each take a horse and set out for the "foot of the Hill." Words that I have at command cannot describe what was unfolded to our eyes. Only a glimpse of the real town did we have from the beach. There were only the hastily set up tents of parties moving inward. But here, where the open leaves off and the trees begin, and at a distance of no more than half a mile from low-water, begins the town. Along the main trail or wagon road town lots have already been staked off and claimed. The underbrush has been cleared away between the cottonwoods and spruce, which are a foot or more in diameter, and a piece of paper on the face of a tree announces that—

"This lot, 100 feet along the trail by 50 feet west, located and improved by J. Murphy, August 14, '97. Lot supposed to front on street running east and west according to plot made and ratified by the citizens August 18, '97. See my notices on stakes at N. and E. end of lot.
(Signed) J. F. MURPHY."

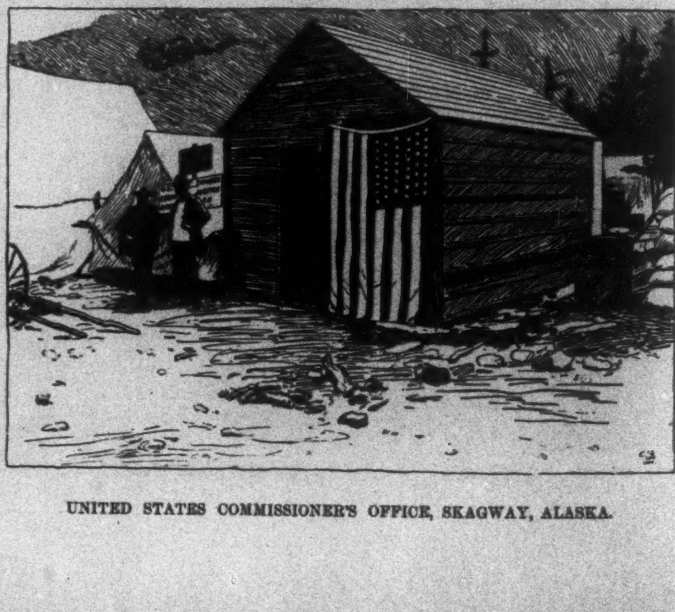
The "improvement" consists of a few bushes cleared away to make room for a small "A" tent. The owner seemed to have moved onward, leaving, however, his "improvement" upon the land.

Another claim reads, in terse language, "that this claim 50 by 100, claimed by J. H. Foot"; and others add the names of several competent witnesses.

Scattered on both sides of the trail are tents of every size and one or two wooden buildings. A ceaseless stream of men and horses is moving up the trail with loads, and an empty stream is returning. Here at the left is a big tent with large black letters on the side; it is the "Pack Train" saloon. Beyond is the "Bonanza" and "The Grotto," while across the street a great sign overhead bears the suggestive name of "The Nugget." A glimpse inside of these, as one rides by, shows a few boards set up for a bar in one corner, the other corners being filled with gambling lay-outs, around which are crowds of men playing or looking on. Then come shops where groceries and miners' supplies are being bought and sold. Here a doctor has set up an apothecary shop; here two young New York boys are selling their outfit and "waiting till spring." Large painted canvas signs announce eating-houses—the "Rosalie," the "Kitchen"; but there is not a lodging-house in the place. For a quarter of a mile into the woods run the rows of tents, while back from the trail, and next the river, the sound of axes indicates that the whole of the flat interval is being taken up. Here and there is a log hut going up.

Of those who are newly arrived some have brought little carts—a pair of buggy-wheels on a short axle, having a bed in some cases no more than fifteen inches wide and six to eight feet long, with handles at both ends. They load these with five or six hundred pounds of stuff, and two men work them along up the trail; or, if they have a horse, they load the pack-saddle, then hitch the horse in front and start along, one leading the horse, the other steering and balancing the cart from the rear end. This is an odd sight. One horse, when ready to be loaded beside the scow, became frightened, and started up town with the cart behind him. He ran into the town, then turned at right angles, crossed the branch of the Skagway, started, cart and all, up the face of the mountain, turned around, recrossed the river, and came back to the scow, the cart now running right side up, then striking a root and bouncing ten feet into the air, landing upside down. The cart never ceased for more than a moment to run along, right or wrong side up, on its wheels; not a man was hurt nor a tent-peg torn up, and it all took place in full view of all, who greeted with a shout each time the cart flew up and landed all right. A moment later the incident was forgotten. These little carts cost $30. In a day or two they carry a whole outfit of two or three to the foot of the Hill, and then are sold for what they cost. Others pack directly on horses' backs, while the greater portion of the freight is wagoned at a cost of one and a half cents a pound. I met two fellows packing on bicycles. They have taken off the pedals, and have rigged a sort of frame on the seat, upon which they can pack nearly as much stuff as a horse will carry, viz., 220 to 225 pounds.

Money goes like water through a sieve. It costs a dollar to look a man in the face. Men are like wolves: they literally feed upon one another. Wages for packers—any one who can carry 75 to 100 pounds on his back and work ten hours—are $7 50 a day upwards. "Experienced" horse-packers are getting as high as—in one instance I know—$20 a day. The teamsters are making more than that. One was heard growling because he had only made $50 that day; they sometimes make $100. Horseshoe-nails are $1 a pound at Skagway. At the foot of the Hill they have fetched 10 cents a piece; a single horseshoe, at the



UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

foot of the Hill, has cost $2 50. Rubber boots that cost $5 sell for $9. A shoemaker, a blacksmith, a watchmaker, also have set up shop. A constant surprise is the number of women. Some of these are at the dance-house, but the majority are the wives of miners. There is but one child in the whole place. It is a town of grown-up people. The women dress, some of them, in short skirts, with leather leggings or rubber boots, or else in out-and-out men's trousers.

They say not over five per cent. will get through. Of the remaining ninety-five some have stopped, taken up town lots, and some have taken to buying and selling, and doing the work required by those that are moving onwards. Now there is a judge and a marshal, but at first there was no law and order but that which grew out of the conditions—the Committee of the Miners, so-called. There has been no disorder to speak of. Outside of the gamblers there are few who might be said to represent a disorderly element. And this, no doubt, is due to the fact that every man here, except those who have come up from the near-by towns of Juneau and Sitka, have had to have the price to get in. This is no country for tramps and loafers. Thieves are here, however, and though the penalty is the extreme limit, no one seems to have been detected.

I stop and ask a man what is the name of the main street. "Oh, don't ask me," he replies. "I've been here a week, and I come up here every day, and I get lost." All is movement and action. There is nothing fixed. The tent of yesterday is a wooden building to-day. Where a tent stood yesterday there is a smooth spot and some tent-pin holes only.

The Skagway (pronounced Skagway, not Ska*dg*way) is a swift stream of three or four rods width at its mouth. It rises far away in the midst of the blue peaks of the Chilkoots, that grow bluer and bluer until they merge into the sky. The sides of the mountain slope at an angle of some forty-five degrees, and against their tops lie eternal glaciers and patches of snow. Its course is even but forceful, so swift as anywhere to bear a man off his feet, even though no deeper than to his knees. Its water is milky, from the sediment it bears down from the mountains, and its banks are scarcely more than two or three feet high, extending back perfectly level on either one or both sides to the steep sides of the valley. This valley is not at its mouth more than a third of a mile wide, if so much, and its bed of gravel and sand is now covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, and dark loamy soil from the decaying vegetation of centuries. The trail leads out of the town among large cottonwoods and spruces and hemlocks and white birches. It reminds one of any newly cut road in the forests of the Adirondacks or Canada. At a distance of a mile and a half from low-water it crosses the river from the right hand to the left, by a bridge just wide enough for the pack-trains and the hand-carts, but too narrow for the large wagons, which have to unload on the gravelly bank. This bridge was the first work done by the miners on this trail. The British Yukon Company had done no more than to run the line and clear a path that, it is true, a horse could follow.

Here at the bridge is the only sight we get of the river anywhere along this end of the trail. The distance between the extreme banks is several hundred yards, and one can easily imagine the mad torrent that rushes down with the melting of the snows in spring. Now it is comparatively small, and rushes along its even bed with hardly a ripple, icy cold from the glaciers, and abounding in fine trout. The milkiness of the water is due to fine white sand. In small pools the sand soon settles to the bottom. Seen in certain lights, the water has a pale greenish hue.

Leaving the river, the trail leads on for some two miles. Tents have been met with scattered along the way, and one is never out of sight of men coming or going. Now suddenly a sight meets the eye. The space between the tree trunks has been cleared away, and the whole place is filled with tents, on both sides of the trail, side by side, only a few feet apart, and extending back the width of the valley, which is here quite narrow. The men have set up their stoves and hung out hundreds of pounds of bacon, and the air is laden with the savory smell of smoking meat and the camp fires; for it is evening, and the men are returning from the trail. Weary horses are eating hay and oats alongside tarpaulin-covered piles of goods.

There are fifty or sixty tents in all, crowded together in a small space, and the roadway between is packed smooth hundreds of feet. There are more women here, and one is baking biscuit, and selling them hot for twenty-five cents a dozen. Every one we talk with is cutting down weight. Once through the tents, the wagon road stops, and then what seems to be only a foot-trail makes a sudden turn to the left and boldly climbs up the steep mountain-side. We hitch our horses here and proceed on foot. This is the trail. This is the Hill, and the crowds of tents and men make the town at the "foot of the Hill." It is the resting-spot before the struggle. To convey an idea of the Hill one must have recourse to illustration, and I can find none more apt than that used by one who has been over the trail: "Imagine a mountain of goods-boxes, some of them being bigger than the rest—the size of tents." Imagine them piled in a rough mass, cover them with moss and black loam and trees, with rills of water trickling down among them. The goods-boxes are granite bowlders; their outer surfaces protrude from the mass, hard and bare, but nature has covered the rest with rich vegetation. The path—if indeed it can be called one—twists and turns and worms its way from ledge to ledge and between the masses of bowlders. Here a tree has been cut down and we clamber over its stump. There a corduroy bridge lifts one over a brook. Men with stout alpenstocks and with packs painfully struggle upward, stopping now and again for rest. It has been comparatively dry for a day, and the trail is said not to be so bad. Between the bowlders it has packed fairly well, and, but for its steepness, would be called a good path. We ascended a distance of several hundred feet—not quite to the summit, we are told. On every ledge and bench tents are set up or piles of sacks, so near the path that one can reach out one's hand and touch them. Men in from the day's work are cooking or reclining beside their goods. Their rifles are in easy reach. Pilfering has been going on here too, and the men who are lying by their goods will shoot at sight. A string of horses and mules is returning down the hill, and we see now the difference in horses. The lank, big, clumsy horse is in danger at every step. He comes to a drop-off, lifts his head in air, tosses his fore feet ahead with a groan, and trusts to chance for his hind feet to find a footing. He strikes a sloping rock, flounders for a foothold, and down he goes sideways and rolls over. A string of several dozen went past, but none did actually fall. The little cayuse, however, or Indian pony, like the mules, looks where every foot is placed. One cayuse got out of the train and came to a pitch-off of ten or twelve feet; we looked to see it break its neck, but it simply put its head down, slid over the face of the bowlder, and landed squarely and lightly as a goat. Another we just heard of went down a forty-foot bank, and was back on the trail working next day. We set out down the hill again. When we were near the bottom we met a small train coming up in charge of two men.

At the foot of the steep ascent the train stopped, and one horse went ahead. When he came to a step-up of over two feet he got his fore feet up, gave a desperate lunge to get his hind parts up, slipped, and fell, his whole weight and that of his load square on top of a sharp stump, where he floundered and kicked pitifully, but helpless. We helped cut the load off, rolled him over on his back off the stump, and helped him to his feet, and he got up with scarcely a scratch. That was one fall, the first we had seen. We were told that fifty horses a day fell there. No one thought anything about it. The other horses were led up, one by one, the men choosing each step for them. This seems to be the only way to do with horses that are not, like goats, used to looking where a foot goes down. Most of the falls come where two smooth surfaces of rock come together in a notch, furnishing no foothold. If there is soft mud in the notch, and the sides are wet and slippery, the horse goes down with a smash, and it is lucky if a broken leg does not result.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

MURAL PAINTINGS

BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD, WILL H. LOW, C. Y. TURNER, AND EDWARD SIMMONS.

THOSE who have seen Edwin Howland Blashfield's decoration in the dome of the Congressional Library need not be reminded how dignified are the theme and its expression, conforming to and assisting the stateliness of the structure. In his latest work, the ceiling of the great ball-room of the new Astoria Hotel in New York, Mr. Blashfield has attuned his scheme with equal precision to the lighter requirements of the surroundings. Whereas in the Library the key-note was the cultivation of the intellect, here it is the delight of the senses. In one respect the two spaces are similar: each is the culmination of the architect's design, and constitutes that part which rises above the material construction into the region of the imagination. Taste and sentiment alike demand that the eye shall be soothed by it, and the imagination lifted above the material splendor and the concrete delights of sight and sound to a suggestion of the spirituality which dwells in music and the dance.

It is in the completeness with which Mr. Blashfield has satisfied the senses and yet stimulated the imagination that the essential bigness of his work consists. The immense expanse of canvas, sixty-six by forty-four feet, covering the entire ceiling, and descending by a "cove" or curve to the cornice, is painted with sky and cloud—purple, pink, blue, gray, and silvery-white melting into one another as the "iris changes on the burnished dove." Floating upon this are two half-circles of figures—the one symbolizing Music, the other Dancing. In Music he has expressed tumultuous force, majestic calm, and infinite sweetness and tenderness, culminating in pure imagination; in Dancing, suppleness, rippling continuance, and spontaneity.

The composition of each reveals these respective qualities. That of Music starts high up on the left hand with a sheaf of trumpets, the long-necked tuba, blown lustily by men; it swoops down through a group of players upon stringed instruments, whose backs are turned to us, while their bow-arms form with the tubas a bristling series of strong bars directed towards the centre. Here the composition swells up through a bevy of beautiful standing forms supporting the central figure, which rises above their heads. Her bow-arm is extended upwards, and makes the line of movement revolve and pass down again upon the right to a group of players, whose faces are towards us, and whose attitude is that of sympathetic response to the leader. Above them are figures showing fainter and tenderer, until they melt into a clear space of blue sky, beyond which hovers a single dove. It is a double festoon of movement, descending with rapidity and furor, rising strongly, settling down in calm, and rising again with a diminuendo of tenderness; then losing form and passing into the infinity of imagination. The left of the picture grows out of purple shade and vibrates vividly; the centre is luminously clear; and on the right the color palpitates and throbs from sight.

In the dancing group the composition is a single festoon of delicious forms and softly twining limbs—pliant rhythmic movement, artless and fresh in conception. The figures glow with sensuous beauty, and yet are naïve and pure in suggestion. They represent the sanity and grace of movement, clarified of all grossness, exquisitely idealized. The same qualities are expressed in the color scheme. A quiver of color sensation passes through the wreath of forms, which shimmer with dainty reflections and are dimpled with limpid shadows, while the whole, impregnated with a golden haze, is serenely gracious.

In thus elevating the light theme of a ball-room into an atmosphere of poetry and imaginativeness, Mr. Blashfield has given delightful proof of the way in which mural painting encourages and gives scope to the creative faculties of the artist.

The wall spaces below, which consist of six lunettes and fourteen ovals, will be filled with mural paintings by Will H. Low. In the lunettes Mr. Low has decided to represent martial and pastoral music—the music of the sea and of the woods, and Apollo with a group of five Muses, and Homer in company with the other four. Each of the ovals contains a female figure, personifying some one country, with a characteristic instrument of music.

The problem of giving constructive variety to so many figures in spaces of similar size and shape was a very difficult one, and the artist has exhibited excellent judgment and skill in solving it. To the lines of the oval he has opposed some geometric form of composition. Thus in France, for example, the figure and the cannon suggest the axial lines; in Italy the arms are disposed so as to form with the body a Roman cross. In Egypt—a specially significant composition—the instrument supplies a strong diagonal line; while the organ and figure of Germany lend a contrast of parallel vertical lines. The types of beauty are fresh and sweet, and the disposition of their draperies varied, interesting, and charmingly decorative.

Whether the "architectural feeling" is so clearly expressed in the lunettes cannot be determined by a layman until they are set in place. Indeed, it is impossible to judge sanely either these or the ovals until they are surrounded by the architecture. This is profusely ornate, and must exercise a tremendous influence upon the paintings. Mr. Low is a close student of the architectural requirements of mural painting, and it must be assumed that he has fully considered them in adopting his composition and color schemes. The latter at present appear over-luscious, but no doubt when the paintings are viewed from a distance of thirty feet, and contrasted with the elaborate and heavy moulding, they will obtain the refinement which we look for in Mr. Low's work, while the composition of the lunettes may be expected to gain fibre and directness from their environment.

The decoration of the important spaces in the dining-room has been intrusted to Charles Yardley Turner. The three illustrations on another page give only a hint of the extent and well-ordered completeness of his scheme, which includes a series of spandrels, lunettes, and in two cases rectangles, running round the four sides of the room, each containing a male or female figure. While his work is thus in a sense fragmentary, Mr. Turner has given the scheme both unity and sequence. Individually, the figures compose to the architecture and form part of it; and in treatment, conception, and especially in the color arrangement, they link on to one another in a continuous series of movement and color.

The walls are to be covered with damask silk of deep red, with a purple bloom. The artist has made his dominant note in the centre of each wall a delicate rosy crimson, and the color on either hand passes successively into yellow, green, and violet. This arrangement, with varieties of tone, is repeated round the entire room, a natural sequence, rising and falling rhythmically and delightfully. The disposition of the figures with reference to the spaces is well diversified, yet always simple and decorative. The drapery of the female figures affords valuable masses of color, while the bare limbs of the youths supply the requisites of strength and suppleness. In the introduction of flowers, fruit, birds, and musical instruments much beauty of color and form is obtained, as well as a charming animation.

The mural paintings in the smaller ball-room have been executed by Edward Simmons. The construction of the room is a series of tall pilasters and arches. On the north side these enclose windows, but on the three others the spaces are spanned with boxes. The arches are locked together by pendentives. Instead of a level cornice, there is a border of ornament in relief, which rises and falls in a waving line, giving vivacity and elegance to the room.

These two features have been preserved and accentuated by Mr. Simmons in a delightful manner. The six pendentives on the north wall, representing the months from November to April, vibrate in one prolonged chord. The movement of the swirling draperies and poised figures speeds along the several panels like the streamer of a pennant, alternately coiling and shaking itself loose in the air. It is more than rhythm: it is the spontaneous movement of separate forms impelled by a single aim—buoyant, elastic, as a flock of Ariels. In the six summer and autumn months on the opposite side of the room the key-note is rather repose; the panels count more as independent masses, and flash one after the other upon the eye. At each of the short ends of the room are two narrow panels representing the seasons. They have to carry farther, and also to balance each other, so the artist has relied upon a strong and simple action.

The color scheme of this room is two tones of gray relieved by gold, and the panels play upon a foundation of blue and flesh-color, enlivened with accidental effects of green or red, or black, golden brown, or silver gray. One has perhaps watched a mountain sunrise, and seen the snow-capped summits touched with rose, the gray sky quickening into blue, and the greens and golds and reds of the valley peering through the rising mists. Such are the color effects which may have inspired Mr. Simmons's scheme—tender and moist, but fresh and vibrant with life and eternal youth. The scheme is exquisitely adapted to the lovely girl figures, soft-limbed baby forms, fluttering ribbons, and dainty elegance of the floating drapery. Yet the first and last impression is not of daintiness and tenderness, but of fresh, fragrant, idealized vitality.

Sweeping breadth, delicious subtlety, and at times a suggestion of diablerie, of irresponsible force within that will burst its way out, these are the characteristics of Mr. Simmons's technique, and they are apparent also in the conceptions of his theme. His imagination has evolved new representations of the somewhat hackneyed subjects, and his conception is thoroughly modern in the best sense. Spring, for example, is a lithe-limbed girl leaping into the air with racquet poised; Winter, apple-cheeked, with black gauze drapery flung around her in voluminous folds, and a branch of mistletoe held invitingly in her outstretched hand. Summer is a lovely girl, whose smooth form is caressed by a veil as filmy as a summer cloud, and she leans forward to catch a butterfly to bait her hook. Autumn is a huntress drawing her bow, tense-limbed and alert, with something of the witchery of the woods upon her face. What an original conception of January: a girl bounding through the air in the fulness of new strength, offering an hour-glass to two little "Loves"! Or February, her piquant face hooded with a cloud of ermine, while a baby boy tugs at the strings, and another, poised in air, fits a skate to her bare foot!

But to try to put these exquisite plays of fancy into words is to bruise the butterfly's wings by handling them. If one could really express the delicacy of the conception it might seem to the reader trivial, whereas the thought, as well as the execution, with all its elusive daintiness, is extraordinarily virile.

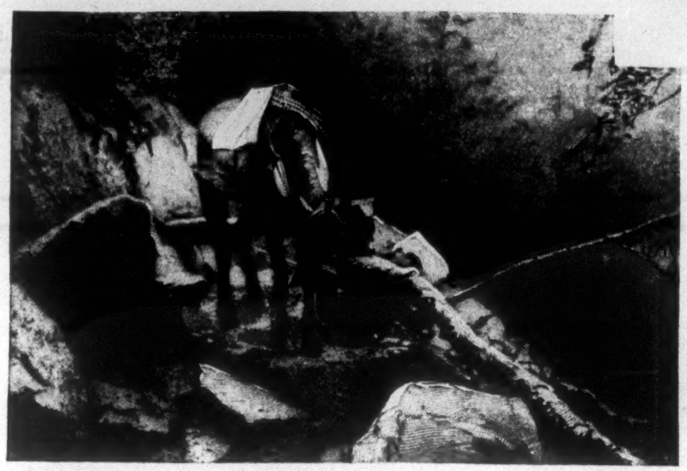
Henry J. Hardenbergh is the architect to whom we are indebted for this aggregation of mural paintings, the most complete and impressive outside the Libraries at Washington and Boston.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

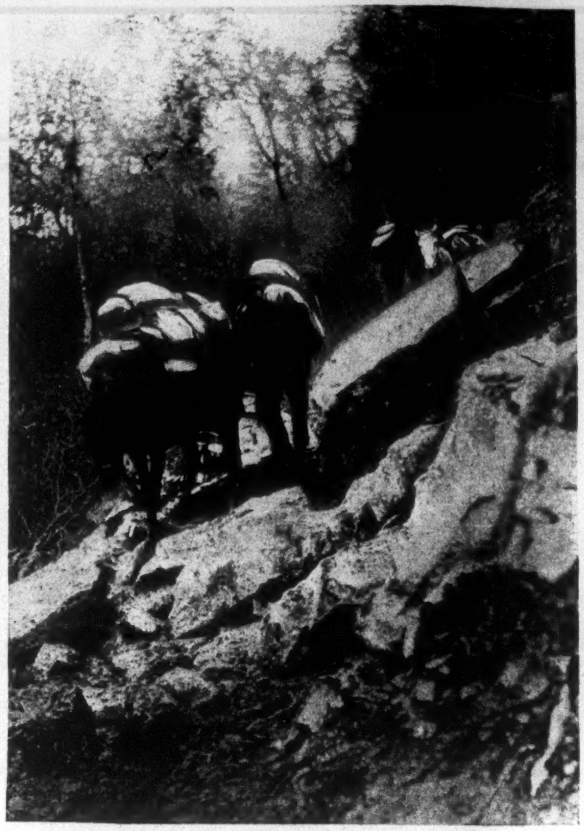
"A DOCTOR HAS SET UP AN APOTHECARY SHOP."

RESTAURANTS ALONG THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAIL.

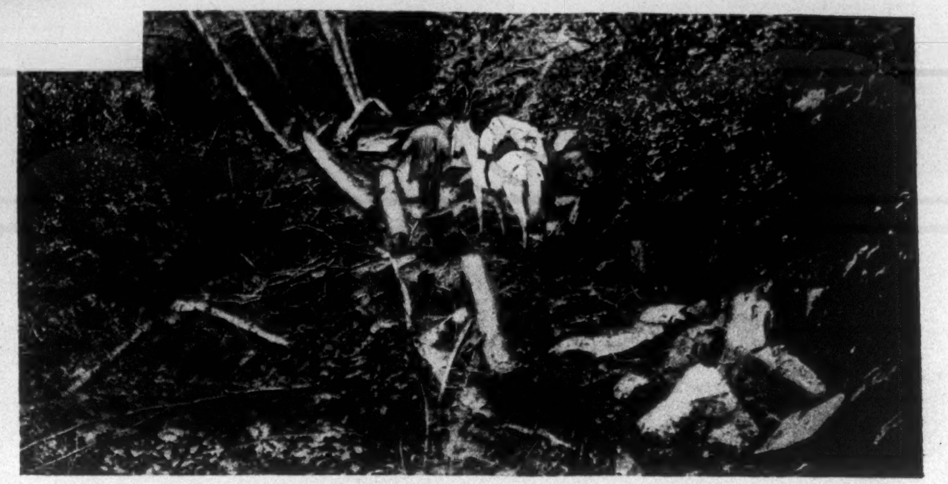
ONE METHOD OF PACKING GOODS TO THE FOOT OF THE HILL.



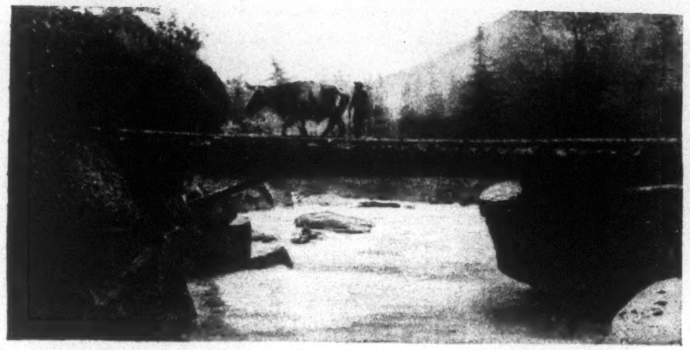
JUSTIFIABLE HESITATION.



PACKING OVER THE HILL.



WHERE THE PATH IS EASY.



CORDUROY BRIDGE ACROSS THE SKAGWAY.

HOW ONE OUTFIT ATTEMPTED TO PACK TIMBER FOR A BOAT OVER THE TRAIL.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1030.]

IN THE NEW POST-OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 1039.]

THE DESTRUCTION OF SUGAR ESTATES IN CUBA.

BY GEORGE BRONSON REA.

During the last two years of the insurrection in Cuba immense damage has been inflicted on the valuable sugar lands and factories to which the island owes so much of her wealth and prosperity. Since the commencement of the outbreak report after report has reached us concerning the destruction of these valuable possessions by the armed forces in the field. By far the larger part of the destruction has been caused by the insurgents, though the Spanish regulars and guerillas have also applied the torch rather freely on property of minor value.

The underlying motives for this policy of annihilation are many and conflicting, but are no doubt justified by the accepted rules of warfare, in which all means to cripple the enemy and destroy his chances of raising revenue are considered as perfectly legitimate.

The first nine months of the war were not marked by any great excesses in this line. The reasons are clear. In the east, where the uprising broke out, the majority of the inhabitants living in the country were Cubans who favored the cause, and consequently their property was respected. Their countrymen in the west, on the contrary, were lukewarm in their efforts to aid the cause, and made no serious attempt to second the movement. Their only desire was to be let quietly alone and to be permitted to harvest their crops, and perhaps make a profit on the product that would insure them against want in the hard times sure to follow. The rebel leaders decided that some extremely harsh measure must be employed to shake their brethren from their apathy.

They also argued that while Spain could continue to gather in the taxes on the principal industries of tobacco and sugar, she would never consent to abandon the island. They fondly believed that once these prospects were destroyed, it would be a question of only a few months when the Spaniards would give up the struggle and evacuate the island.

Another strong motive was to force the intervention of foreign governments by destroying the property of their citizens. French, German, English, and American capital is largely represented in the wealth of the island, and it was expected that these governments, on the presentation of the claims for damages, would demand immediate indemnization from Spain. As the Spanish treasury was known to be in a depleted condition, and that it would be impossible to meet these demands, they felt it would surely result in some controversy or conflict which would redound to their benefit.

During the first "invasion" this policy was accordingly put into operation, and the march of the insurgents was marked, like that of the Israelites of old, "by a column of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night," though in this case the signs were reversed, and followed, instead of leading, the rapidly moving bands. Thousands of acres of the finest sugar-cane waiting to be harvested, and scores of factories where the raw juice is transformed into crude sugar, were devastated and destroyed.

Under ordinary circumstances the burning of a cane-field does not materially injure the value of the cane, for if cut promptly and sent to the mill there is no perceptible loss. But if left standing for more than eight days the juice begins to ferment and turns sour, destroying the saccharine matter.

In times of peace many farmers first burn a troublesome field to facilitate the work of cutting, but then they see that it goes directly to the mill. But this was not the case with the cane burned by the rebels; for, after firing the fields, strict orders were issued against cutting it, and any one caught disobeying the decree was executed. Mile after mile of the richest fields were thus completely ruined.

Filled with consternation at the rapid spread of the movement, and alarmed at the devastating policy so persistently pursued by the rebel leaders, the planters called a meeting in Havana to devise a way financially to aid the sufferers. Business was at a standstill, traffic was temporarily blocked on the railroads, and a feeling of insecurity pervaded the community from the awful effects of the insurgent raid.

The success of their movement had far surpassed the wildest dreams of the insurgent chiefs; and Gomez, probably mistaking the alarm and excitement, with the incidental paralyzation of business, as a direct acknowledgment of his supremacy, graciously ordered that the destruction of cane should cease.

This order, issued on the 12th of January, 1896, at the sugar factory Mi Rosa (province of Havana), stated that as enough cane had been destroyed practically to end all further hopes of grinding, the burning of cane-fields was no longer necessary. He made it a crime amenable to the severest military laws, and then went on to say that if any planter should disregard this order his machinery and boiling-house would be destroyed by dynamite.

Gomez seemed to forget that men with enormous capitals at stake would go to the last extreme to save their interests. So, while the rebel chief thought himself master of the situation, and was marching around the country issuing circulars, proclamations, and decrees, which only tended to awe the simple-minded peasants who could not read, the planters were steadily working to place their factories in a fortified condition to be able to defy him later on.

Once fortified, the mask was thrown off, and Gomez and his subordinates were openly defied to come and prevent the grinding or destroy the factory. Of course to do this required ready cash, and as the two previous years in Cuba had been almost ruinous for the smaller planters, they were unable to defend their property on the same scale as their more fortunate companions.

It is a fact that cannot be denied, that when the insurgents, incensed at Weyler's guarantee to the planters that they could resume work on the 15th of March, started in to burn the factories, they did not wreak their vengeance on the wealthy planters whose estates were fortified, but contented themselves with burning all the small undefended factories of their poorer countrymen.

Owing to the comparative freedom from internal revolutions in Cuba during the last decade, American capital has steadily increased its sphere of investments. Many owners of large estates placed their holdings in the hands of promoters, who have formed large stock companies and syndicates, controlled by prominent sugar-brokers in this country.

Among the foremost of such concerns is the Constancia Sugar Company, under the presidency of Mr. Osgood Welsh, of New York. Their estate, the Constancia, is the most extensive in Cuba, and only one other factory (Carácas) exceeds them in the amount of sugar turned out in a crop.

This estate was formerly owned by the Marquis de Apeztiguia, but at present, though still holding considerable stock, he is only the resident manager. On his refusal to obey the rebel leader's decree forbidding him to work, Gomez sent him a message saying, "I am coming to burn your factory and hang you to a 'guasima' tree." Apeztiguia replied: "You are very discourteous, but pray do not delay your visit, for I shall be very much pleased to meet you. I have ordered all the 'guasima' trees to be cut down, and have prepared a block and tackle from the top of the highest chimney for your reception." Gomez never carried out his threat or accepted the invitation to call, but has done all in his power to destroy the property. The estate gives employment to from 5000 to 6000 people in the occupation of sugar-making in all its branches. To preserve the buildings and the lives of the employees from the attacks of the insurgents the company has been compelled to construct about eighty forts or block-houses, and to employ the services of a force of special police numbering about 700 men.

For the maintenance of this large force, and the cost of the arms, equipment, horses, etc., the owners pay on an average of $30,000 per month.

Notwithstanding the presence of this well-armed body, the rebels have several times succeeded in dashing in and cutting down the inoffensive and unarmed laborers working in the fields.

The Soledad estate, situated a few leagues to the east of Cienfuegos, is owned by Mr. E. Atkins, of Boston. This property has also suffered from the effects of the insurgent raids. Forts and special police are also employed to defend it against these attacks.

The Trinidad estate, situated in the valley of the same name, is owned by an American syndicate, of which Mr. O. B. Stillman, of Boston, is the representative.

Owing to the repeated and persistent attacks upon his place, he has employed the services of seventy armed men for its protection. During this last campaign several attempts were made to blow up his machinery with dynamite, but, owing to ignorance displayed in placing the bombs, the explosions did but little damage.

On my last trip from Gomez's camp to the coast, during the month of March last, I met a young Cuban officer in the hills above Trinidad, who explained to me how he had placed a bomb under the furnaces of the factory, and that how after the explosion it only took a few hours to repair the damage. As we stood on the summit of a high mountain overlooking the beautiful panorama of the valley below, my friend pointed to a column of smoke arising from a tall chimney in the distance. "There," said he, "is the place owned by your infernal countrymen. They have frustrated all our plans to destroy the factory so far, but the next time I attempt to explode a bomb I will be sure to catch Mr. Stillman and his manager, Mr. Turner, and blow them up with the factory."

Other large syndicates having their headquarters in New York are the Puerto Padre Company, controlling the large estate of San Manuel; the Narciso Company, representing the magnificent factory of the same name at Yaguajay, in the Remedios District; the Tuinicu Company, owning an estate situated near Sancti Spiritus, and whose cane was burned by the Spaniards to prevent the rebels from cutting it for forage for their horses; and the Rosario Sugar Company, representing the largest factory in Havana province, at Aguacate. These concerns are all represented in New York by J. M. Ceballos & Co.

Many individual Americans are also owners of valuable estates in Cuba. Foremost amongst these estates is the Hormiguero, owned by Elias Ponvert, of New York, which is considered as a model of neatness and good results.

The Parque Alto and Dos Hermanos are the property of the Fowler Brothers; the Saratoga, of the McCullogh Brothers; the Carolina, of the Stewarts; the Santa Catalina, of Henry Heidegger; the Tinguaro, of Charles La Rosa; and the San Miguel, of the Casanova Brothers; and the holdings of Julio Hidalgo complete the list of prominent American estates in the central district.

The large factory Santa Teresa, near Manzanillo, and the Congreso and Senado, near Puerto Principe, are also owned by Americans.

Many of these employ special police, while others have not been molested by the insurgents, and have no necessity of their protection.

The San Miguel and Tinguaro were burned by the rebels. The owners of the former have indeed been unfortunate, for, according to all reports, the Spanish troops under Colonel Fondevilla killed several of the employees, and ordered the owners to vacate the premises under threats of death. Shortly after the estate was reported to have been burned by unknown parties, but the writer subsequently learned from General Aguirre that he had ordered Major Valencia to apply the torch as punishment for non-payment of the war contributions levied upon the owners. The same motive explains the destruction of the Tinguaro estate.

There are many more of our countrymen who have invested their capital in Cuba, and have suffered to a greater or less extent by the destruction of some part of their property. Every one of them has the same story to tell, and all express themselves very forcibly on a point that is but imperfectly understood in this country—and that is, while they are suffering under the exactions of both sides, they strenuously object to the persecution of so-called Cuban "patriots" who are American citizens.

While many of our charitable citizens here at home are generously contributing to aid a cause that appeals strongly to popular fancy, the recipients of this generosity have left no stone unturned in attempts to destroy the estates of other Americans in the island of Cuba. To protect themselves they are compelled to expend equal sums for fortifications and soldiers, and so at present we find the rather remarkable situation of one part of our population liberally subscribing to destroy the interests of another part—and these, in their turn, are spending equal sums to prevent it.

Many American planters can show orders from insurgent leaders prohibiting them, under penalty of death and the destruction of their property, to resume work; and the fact that galls and hurts is that many of these orders are signed by "American" citizens holding commissions in the rebel army. Many of these planters can place in evidence piles of empty cartridge shells bearing the stamp of American manufacturers that have been supplied to the rebels by their sympathizers in this country, to be used against the employees of other Americans in Cuba. We have been accustomed to read a great deal about the "massacres and atrocities" committed by the Spaniards, but the fact that the insurgents swoop down and "machete" the peaceable laborers in the field seems to have escaped mention.

To our American planters the most deplorable side of the question is that they are completely at the mercy of the insurgents, for if they should make a formal complaint in the courts of the United states against these bogus Americans, it would mean the signal for the complete destruction of their property, and would leave them without even the prospect of future indemnization in case of a Cuban victory.

In the programme issued by T. Estrada Palma, dated New York, August 15, 1895, he emphatically states, in article four, that the Cubans will not be responsible, either before or after the "triumph," for foreign property destroyed during the war.

This statement, added to the persistent persecutions of the rebels and the perpetual demand for money, may explain the reason why so many of our planters are arrayed on the side of Spain, or in favor of annexation in preference to a Cuban republic.

From a financial stand-point nine-tenths of them prefer annexation, as it would mean many millions of dollars more in their pockets. The immense bounties paid yearly by the European governments to foster the manufacture of beet-root sugar, and the excessive import duties imposed by the United States government, have affected the Cuban industry to such an extent that only a very few of the leading estates, working with the most improved apparatus, and managed on a thorough economic basis, can show a profit at the end of the season.

Some years ago, when sugar brought from three to six cents per pound in the New York market, and the manufacture of sugar from beets was still in the experimental stage, the Cuban "hacendado" built up large fortunes, and his estate was considered as valuable as a gold-mine. This golden era in Cuba was probably one of the worst misfortunes that could have fallen upon her; for the planters, naturally inclined to be wasteful, feeling sure of their monopoly and of their immense gains, gave little attention to the minor details of their business. Economy in administering the estate was not thought of, and large sums were yearly squandered, of which no account was kept.

Machinery agents, and others doing business with them, obtained enormous profits for their products and work.

The beet-root industry in Europe, on the other hand, was pushed by capitalists, who employed the most perfected machinery, and paid large salaries to skilled chemists to superintend the process of elaboration. In this way they obtained the highest results, extracting the maximum of saccharine matter from the raw material.

As these concerns were content with a moderate rate of gain on their principal invested, and aided by the bounty, they soon entered the field for supplying the world's market, the result being that the value of sugar steadily decreased, until for the last three years the price paid to the planters has only averaged two cents a pound.

The average Cuban planter, accustomed as he was to large profits, found it very difficult to successfully carry on his business on the reduced margin, and, owing to the lack of administrative ability, many were forced to the wall and failed.

It was probably this fact that led so many of them to place their properties in the hands of American capitalists, as only by the expenditure of large sums for the installation of improved machinery could they expect to make sugar at a profit and successfully compete with their beet-root rival.

The Cuban sugar-cane contains on an average of sixteen per cent. of saccharine matter, but up to the present date, with existing machinery, the "ingenios" have only been able to extract on an average of eight per cent., or one-half. Some estates claim to have extracted as high as ten and a half and eleven per cent., but this can be considered as very extraordinary and exceptional, and extremely doubtful, for the chemist or sugar-boiler who can obtain such results would soon be "rolling in millions."

Many planters claim that there are only two things that can again restore the prosperous times of old, and these are, either the invention of some process whereby they can extract more sugar from the cane, or the annexation of the island to the United States, which would abolish the present duty, and allow them successfully to drive out the European product.

As the first step in this direction, they advocate the settlement of the present war on the basis of home-rule, and then, when the people are sufficiently educated in self-government, to initiate a movement towards annexation, based on a payment to Spain of so many million of dollars.

Others are more outspoken, and eagerly advocate the immediate annexation of the island, without consulting the wishes of either the Spaniards or the Cuban insurgents.

The Cubans frankly admit that they cannot win the war by force of arms, and in the next breath declare that they will accept no solution that is not based on absolute independence.

The Spaniards emphatically state that under no consideration will they listen to any proposition of this nature; and owing to the campaign of the rebels in persistently holding out in the hills, without presenting a front, it is difficult to see how they can expect to suppress the revolution for a year or so to come.

In the mean while many of the sugar estates, except those that employ special forces of armed police, are compelled to pay taxes on both sides. As the rebels have positively prohibited the continuance of work in many instances, and have sworn to destroy the factories of those who disobey their order, it is clear that with many planters it is only a question of time when they will have to abandon the struggle, withdraw their protection, and allow the insurgent to carry out his threat, providing something does not happen in the near future to end this seemingly interminable struggle.

"THE VINTAGE."*

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEANTIME from the citadel Ali Aga had watched the destruction of one ship and the flight of the other. At the moment when the first had entered the harbor he had opened fire on the Mainote corps; but they, obeying Petrobey's direction, merely sheltered behind the mills, and did not even take the trouble to return the fire. Encouraged by this, and seeing heavy fighting going on below, Ali was just preparing to make a dash for the harbor with some half the troops, in order to establish communication, when the firing below ceased, and he saw one ship sail off without firing a shot, while the other drifted with full sails across the bay, and then grounded. At that he resolved to wait, for he had no intention of going to the rescue of those who should have rescued him; and indeed, without co-operation from the ship, the attempt would have been madness.

At dusk the firing below ceased altogether, for a boat had put off from the ship, bearing the white flag of surrender, and all those who were left on board were removed, their arms taken from them, and put into custody. Niketas, who boarded the ship, felt a sudden unwilling admiration for the men who had gone on fighting against such fearful odds. The deck presented a fearful sight, for the dead were lying there simply in heaps. The list of the ship as she struck had drained the blood in thick half-congealed streams through the scuppers, and it was dripping sullenly into the sea. The arms and powder were then transferred in boats to the land, where they were added to the stock, and the Greeks made several unsuccessful attempts to get out one or two of the larger guns, which might prove useful if Kalamata refused to capitulate. But all their efforts, in the absence of proper tackle and lifting apparatus, were useless, and after emptying the ship of all that could be of use to them, including a sum of five hundred Turkish pounds, which was found in the captain's cabin, they set light to it, for fear it should be got off by its sister ship and so return into the enemy's service. All night long the hull blazed, and about midnight it was a pillar of fire, for the sails caught, and the flames went roaring upwards mast-high. And thus ended the first day of the siege.

All next day the siege continued, and no attempt was made on the part of the Turks to make an attack, nor on that of the besiegers to force their way into the citadel. The pass from Arcadia and that over Taygetus, over one of which any relief expedition must come from Tripoli, were carefully watched, and before that appeared Petrobey declined to make an attack which must be expensive to the Greek army, when simply waiting would do their work for them; while Ali, on his side, would sooner capitulate, if the worst came to the worst, than with his fifteen hundred men, ill supplied with ammunition, engage these six regiments of Greeks; for such an engagement, as he knew, would only end in his utter defeat, and the massacre, in all probability, of all the Turks in the town.

Early on the third morning it was clear that help was not coming from Tripoli, or, at any rate, that it would come too late. The water-supply had entirely given out, and famine as well was beginning to make itself felt. For two days and nights the citadel had been packed like a crate of figs with men, women, and children from below, more than half of whom had had to lie out under the cold of the spring night, exposed to the dews and the sun, some of them barely half-clad, just as they had been awakened from their sleep when they had fled panic-stricken to the citadel. Below in the Greek army the utmost content and harmony still reigned; the men were well quartered and had all the supplies of the town to feed on, and a considerable amount of booty had been taken, half of which was divided between the men, half reserved for the war fund by Petrobey.

The first bugle had sounded half an hour, and they were preparing their breakfast, when a white flag was hoisted on the corner tower and the gate opened, and Ali Aga, alone and unattended, except for a page who carried his chibouk, walked down into the camp. Some Greeks who had lived there under him, and had felt his cruel and irresponsible rule, saw him coming and surrounded him, spitting at him and reviling him. But here the brave part of the man came to the front, and turning round on them, he cursed at them so fiercely, calling them dogs and sons of dogs, that they fell back. Had he shown a moment's fear he would have been killed a dozen times before he reached Petrobey's quarters, but he treated them as a man treats snarling curs, and asked one to show him the way to their commander.

Petrobey had seen Ali coming, and was sitting outside the house where he had taken up his quarters, smoking, when the Turk appeared. He rose and saluted him. But Ali did not return the salute; to him the Greeks were "all of one bake," as they say, and he looked at him and spoke as if he were speaking to one of his own slaves.

"I find it necessary for me to capitulate," he said, speaking Greek, "and I am here to settle the conditions."

Petrobey flushed angrily, for, being a gentleman himself, he had no intention of being treated otherwise. So he sat down again, leaving Ali standing, and crossed one leg over the other.

"I have no conditions," he said, "except this one—I will give you my word that my men are absolutely in control, and I will allow no general massacre. At the same time, it would be safer for all of you not to assume insolent and overbearing airs."

Ali raised his eyebrows, and before speaking again, sat down and beckoned to the boy who carried his pipe.

"You will not give us a safe-conduct to Tripoli, for instance?"

"No."

"You will not allow us to retain our arms?"

Petrobey laughed. "That is not my intention. All I will do," and his anger suddenly flared out at the perfectly assumed insolence of the man—"all I will do is to forbid my men to shoot you down like dogs. You will be wise to consider that, for we may not care to grant such terms, nor yet be able to enforce obedience to them if we did, on the day when Tripoli is crushed like a beetle below our heel."

Ali shrugged his shoulders. "Oblige me with a light," he said to one of the Greeks who stood by, and he lit his pipe before he spoke again. "Your terms are preposterous," he said. "I do not, however, say that I will not accept them, but I wish for five hours more for consideration."

"To wait for help from Tripoli?" remarked Petrobey. "I am afraid that will not suit me. 'Yes' or 'No,' please."

"If I will give neither 'Yes' nor 'No,' what then?"

"This. You shall go back in safety, and then when you are starved out, or when we take the place, I will not grant any terms. And we have a long score against you. My countrymen who have lived here under you have told me many things of you."

"I suppose the dogs have. I accept your terms."

Petrobey rose.

"Consider yourself my prisoner," he said, not even looking at him. "Take charge of him, two of you, and order all three corps out, Yanni.

"Another piece of charcoal, one of you," said Ali; "this tobacco is a little damp."

In half an hour's time all the Turkish soldiers and civilians were defiled out of the citadel, unarmed, between the lines of the Greeks. They were instantly divided up between all the different corps, and from that moment became the property of the soldiers as much as the Greek slaves in the last year had been the property of their Turkish masters. Many who had friends were ransomed, many became domestic slaves, and many, in the Greek phrase, "the moon devoured." The flag of Greece was hoisted on the towers, and the work which Mitsos had cried aloud in fire from Taygetus to Bassæ had begun.

And on that day which saw the dawning of the freedom of Greece it seemed to these enthusiastic hearts, who for years had cherished and fed the smouldering spark which now ran bursting into flames, that earth and sea and sky joined in the glory and triumph. From its throne in the infinite blue the sun shone, to their eyes with a magnificence not its own. To the south the sea sparkled and laughed innumerably, and the meadows round the fallen town that day grew suddenly scarlet with the opening wind-flowers. And when the work of distributing the prisoners was over, all the army went down to the edge of the torrent-bed and gave thanks to the Giver of Victory. Then, half a mile above the citadel, where the stream flowed on the far side of its bed, in a church in which was the sun, the light, and the soft, cool north wind, the incense that wafted thanksgiving to heaven, stood the first Greek army of free men that had known the unspeakable thrill of victory since the Roman had bound them a score of hundred years ago. Some were old men, withered and gray in the unwilling service to a cruel and greedy master, and destined not to see the full noon of their freedom; in some, like the seed on stony ground, a steadfast heart had no deep root, and in the times of war and desolation which were still to come they were to fall away, tiring of the glorious quest; some were still young boys, to whom the event was no more than a mere toy; but for the time, at any rate, all were one heart, beating full in the morning of a long-delayed resurrection. Standing on a mound in the centre were four-and-twenty priests, in the front of whom stood Father Andréa, tall and eyed like a mountain hawk, with a heart full of glory and red vengeance. And when, lifting up the mightiest voice in Greece, he gave out the first words of that hymn which has risen a thousand times from the clash of victorious arms, the voice of a great multitude answered him, and the sound was as the sound of many waters. All the ardor and the hot blood of the Greek leaped like a blush to the surface, and on all sides, mixed with the noise of the singing, rose one great sob of a thankful people born again. Petrobey, with Nicholas on one side, and Mitsos and Yanni on the other, hardly knew that the tears were streaming down his gaunt, weather-worn cheeks, and to the others, as to him, memory and expectation were merged and sunk in the present ineffable moment. There was no before or after; they were there, men of a free people, and conscious only of one thing—that the first blow had been struck, that they thanked God for the power He had given them to use.

And when it was over Petrobey turned to Nicholas, and smiling at him through his tears, "Old friend!" he said.

And Nicholas echoed his words—echoed that which was too deep for words—and, "Old friend!" he replied.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOR two days more the army remained at Kalamata, and Petrobey posted scouts over the lower hills of Taygetus, and at the top of the plain where a low pass led into Arcadia, to wait to attack any relieving force from Tripoli, should such be sent. Flushed with victory as they were, nothing seemed impossible, and the men generally would have chosen to march straight on that stronghold of the Turkish power. But Petrobey was wiser; he knew that in this affair at Kalamata there had been applied no real test of the army's capacity; they had held their mouths open and the prey had dropped into them. To attack a strongly fortified place was a very different matter. At present he had neither men nor arms enough, and the only course to be taken was simply to wait till, with the news of their exploit, the rising became more general. In the mean time he remained at Kalamata in order to get tidings from the north of Morea as to what had taken place there, and, if expedient, to unite his army with the contingent from Patras and Megaspélaion. As commander-in-chief of the first army in the field, he issued a proclamation declaring that the Greeks were determined to throw off the yoke of the Turk, and asking for the aid of Christians in giving liberty to those who were enslaved to the worshippers of an alien God.

The primates and principal clergy of Morea, it will be remembered, had been summoned to Tripoli for the meeting at the end of March, and the scheme that the wise Mitsos had hatched to give an excuse for their disobedience had met with entire success. Germanos, who both spoke and wrote Turkish, forged a letter, purporting to come from a friendly Mussulman at Tripoli, warning him not to go there, for Mehemet Salik, thinking that a rising of the Greeks was imminent, had determined to put one or two of the principal men to death in order to terrorize the people, and therefore deprive them of their leaders. With this in his pocket, he set out and travelled quietly to Kalavryta, where he found other primates assembled at the house of Zaimes, the primate of the place. Germanos arrived there in the evening, and before going to bed gave the forged letter to Lambros, his servant, telling him to start early next morning, ride in the direction of Tripoli, then turn back and meet the party at their midday halt. He was then to give the letter to his master, saying that he had received it from a Turk on the road, who, hearing that he was Germanos's servant, told him, as he valued his life and his master's life, to ride back and give it to him, and on no account to breathe a word of the matter to any one.

Lambros, who was as fond as all his countrymen of a mystery, did exactly as he was told, and at mid-day, while the primates were halting, he spurred a jaded, foam-streaked horse up the road, flung himself quickly off, and gave the letter to his master. Germanos glanced through it with well-feigned dismay and cries of astonished horror, and at once read it aloud to the assembled primates, who were struck with consternation. Some suggested one thing, and some another, but every one looked to Germanos for his opinion.

"This we will do, my brothers," he said, "if it seems good to you. I will send this letter to the most excellent Mehemet Salik and ask for a promise of safety. We may not disregard it, for if, as God forbid, it is true, where would our flock be without their shepherds? But if it is false he will at once send us a promise of safety. Meantime we must act as if it were true, and I suggest that we all disperse for our greater safety, each surrounding himself with some small guard. And before the answer comes back it may be"—he looked round and saw only the faces of patriots—"it may be that there will be other business on hand."

It is probable that more than one of the primates guessed that the letter was a forgery, but they were only too glad to be supplied with a specious excuse for delaying their journey, and followed Germanos's advice.

Then followed ten days of feverish waiting while on Taygetus Petrobey collected the forces which were to besiege Kalamata. Evening by evening patient men climbed to the hills where the beacons were to be, and watched for the signal; and morning by morning returned to the expectant band of patriots in their villages, saying, "Not yet, not yet," until one night the beacons leaped from north to south of the land, telling them that the time had come. At Kalavryta, where the first blow was struck, they found the Turks even less ready than at Kalamata, and on the 3d of April the town surrendered, on receiving, as at Kalamata, a promise that there should be no massacre. The place was one of little importance among the Turkish towns, but of first importance to the revolutionists, lying as it did in the centre of the richest valley in Greece, and in close proximity to Megaspélaion, and became the centre of operations in the north. Also it was valuable inasmuch as several very wealthy Turks lived there, and the money that thus fell into the hands of the Greeks supplied the sinews of war.

As soon as this news reached Kalamata, Petrobey determined to move. The success of the patriots in the north showed that they were in no need of help at present, and to have two different armies in the field, one driving the Turks southward, the other northward, into Tripoli—the central fortress of their power—was exactly what he wanted. But more than ever now his power of command was needed; the men, hearing of the taking of Kalavryta, were wild to unite with the northern army and march straight on Tripoli. But he was perfectly firm; such a course could only end in disaster, for they had yet to get experience and knowledge of what war meant before they ventured on that which would be the end, one way or the other. They must learn the art of war. What better school was there than on the slopes of Taygetus, dotted about as it was with Turkish villages, and where they would not, from the nature of the ground, be exposed to the attacks of cavalry? So, after making great breaches in the citadel walls, and filling up the well, so that it could never be used as a stronghold again, they marched back across the plains and up into the hills, with the glory of success upon them.

Three nights later Yanni and Mitsos were sitting, after supper, in the open air by a camp-fire. Yanni, still rather soft from his month's fattening at Tripoli—"And, oh, Yanni," said Mitsos, "but it is a stinging affair to have fattened a chicken like you, and never have it for dinner!" —was suffering from a blister on his heel, and Mitsos prescribed brandy or pure indifference.

"If you'd been fattened as I have," said Yanni, severely, "I expect you'd not be able to walk. You know, Mitsos, if you go on eating as much as you do now, you'll be a walloping fat old man by the time you are thirty."

Mitsos pinched Yanni over the ribs. "Poor Mehemet!" he said. "All that for nothing!"

Nicholas had strolled out of his hut, and was standing behind the boys as they talked.

"Now look at Uncle Nicholas, Yanni," continued Mitsos, still unconscious of his presence; "he's about—about a foot taller than you, but I doubt if you could get inside his trousers."

Nicholas laughed. "I can do it myself, little Mitsos," he said. "Come in, you two. There is business forward."

Mitsos sprang up, and Yanni lugged on his boot, forgetting the blister.

"A journey," he said, "for Mitsos and me? Oh, Mitsos, it is good!"

"You can't walk," said Mitsos; "you've got a blister, and must be carried like a scented woman."

"A blister?" asked Nicholas. "Don't think about it."

"So said I," answered Mitsos; "but he does think about it."

"Well, come in," answered Nicholas, "and hear what you will hear."

The business was soon explained. The ship which had been seen at Kalamata had gone back to Nauplia, so it was reported, and was to transport from there several wealthy Turkish families, who were fearful for their safety, to Athens. From Athens it would come back.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

"MIXED WITH THE NOISE OF THE SINGING, ROSE ONE GREAT SOB OF A THANKFUL PEOPLE BORN AGAIN."

bringing arms and ammunition to Nauplia. The time for the fire-ship had come.

"And Nicholas says, little Mitsos," continued Petrobey, "that you know the bay of Nauplia like your own hand, and can take your boat about it as a man carries food to his mouth."

Mitsos flushed with pleasure. "I know it pretty well," he said. "When do I start?"

"To-morrow morning. The ship arrived there three days ago, but will wait another five days. The business is to be done when she is well out, so that there is no time for her to get back. You will want some one with you. Whom would you like?"

Mitsos looked at Yanni. "Whom but the little cousin?" he said.

"And does it please the little cousin?"

"The little cousin doesn't mind," said Yanni, with his eye dancing, and gave Mitsos a great poke in the ribs.

"Ugh, fat pig!" quoth Mitsos; "we will settle that account together."

"Be quiet, you two," said Petrobey, "and listen to me." And he gave them the full instructions what they were to do.

"Big butchers we shall be," said the bloodthirsty Mitsos when he had finished. "Eh, but the fishes will bless us!"

Yanni and he tumbled out of the hut again, sparring at each other for sheer delight at a new adventure, and sat talking over the fire, smoking the best tobacco from Turkish shops at Kalamata, till Nicholas, coming out late to go the round of the sentries, packed them off to bed.

All the apparatus they would require, and also the caïque they were to use for the fire-ship, were at Nauplia, and they started off next morning, unencumbered with baggage, with only one horse, which the "scented woman" was to ride if his blister hurt him. A detachment of the clan which was not on duty, as well as Nicholas and Mitsos's father, saw them to the top of the pass, which they were to follow till they got on to the road, and go across country, giving Tripoli a very wide berth, and taking a boat across the bay of Nauplia so as to avoid Argos. At Nauplia they were to put up at Mitsos's house, but keep very quiet, and remain there as little time as possible. The caïque would be lying at anchor opposite—Lélas the café-keeper knew about it.

The journey was made without alarm or danger. On the evening of the first day they found themselves at the bottom of the Langarda Pass, with the great fertile plain of Sparta spread out before them, now green, now gray, as the wind ruffled the groves of olive-trees. A mile beyond the bottom of the pass their way lay close under the walls of the little Turkish town of Mistra, and this they passed by quickly, in case the news of the taking of Kalamata had come and soldiers were on the lookout for wandering Greeks, meaning to camp as soon as they got a safe distance off. But as they skirted along a foot-path below the town Yanni looked back.

"It's very odd," he said, "but we have passed nobody going home; and look, there are no lights in any of the houses!"

"That's queer," said Mitsos. "No, there is not a single light. We'll wait a bit."

They sat down off the path in the growing dusk, but not a sign came from the town: no lights appeared in the windows; it seemed perfectly deserted, and by degrees their curiosity triumphed over their caution.

"We will go very quietly and have a look at the gate. It will be pleasanter sleeping in a house than in the fields, for it will be cold before morning up here."

"That comes of living in a fine house in Tripoli," remarked Mitsos. "Come on, then."

The two went very cautiously back to the road which led up to the main gate, and found it standing wide open.

"That ought to be shut at dark," remarked Mitsos; "we will go a little further."

They went up the narrow paved street, passing a mosque, and came on a café with doors wide open. A fire had evidently been lit some hours before, and a brass coffee-jug was still standing on the dead embers.

"This will do nicely," remarked Mitsos. "Oh, Yanni, I see. They must have had news of the Kalamata thing, and all fled. There's not a soul left in the place. Come on; we'll just go to the top of the street."

Everywhere the same silence and desolation reigned. The door of the big mosque higher up was standing wide open, and at the entrance were two big silver candlesticks which seemed to have been taken out of the place and then left behind; opposite another door were a couple of embroidered Turkish dresses; and further on, in a wine-shop, a cask of wine dragged from its trestles and then abandoned. In one place a silk-covered sofa blocked a doorway; in another a Koran lay on the step. Everything bore signs of a sudden panic-stricken flight, but of man no trace whatever. The only live thing they saw was a cat with mournful eyes, which stared at them from an upper window and stood out curiously black in the light of the moon, which had risen about the time of sunset.

"I believe you are right, Mitsos," said Yanni at length. "We will have a very good supper in that café, and afterwards sleep there. Or would you like a silk sofa to put your heels upon?"

They soon found an empty stable for the horse, and set about getting their own supper, which was no difficult matter. They rolled the cask of wine down to the café. In one house Mitsos found a couple of chickens ready plucked, and some lettuce which had been placed in water, that were still fresh, and by the time he had rekindled the charcoal fire and got the water hot for boiling them Yanni returned with bread, cheese, and a small wooden box, still unopened, which turned out to contain Rabat-la-koom. In a shop opposite their café they found candles, and Yanni insisted on using the two silver candlesticks which stood at the door of the mosque. Above the café was a big room containing two beds, and a smaller room with one; the beds had been left as they had been slept in, and Mitsos disdainfully pulled off the sheets, for he would not lie between sheets where a Turk had lain; and then, going down stairs again, they put up the windows and closed the door and lighted the candles.

"Eh, but this is a very good house," said Mitsos. "There are lodgings for a king here."

"The Turk knows how to be comfortable," answered Yanni. "Oh, Mitsos, if the man of the house could only see us! How he would howl!"

Mitsos was rummaging in the cupboards behind the counter. "A pot of little anchovies," he remarked; "they come first. By the Virgin, there is tobacco, too! It is a hungry evening, little Yanni."

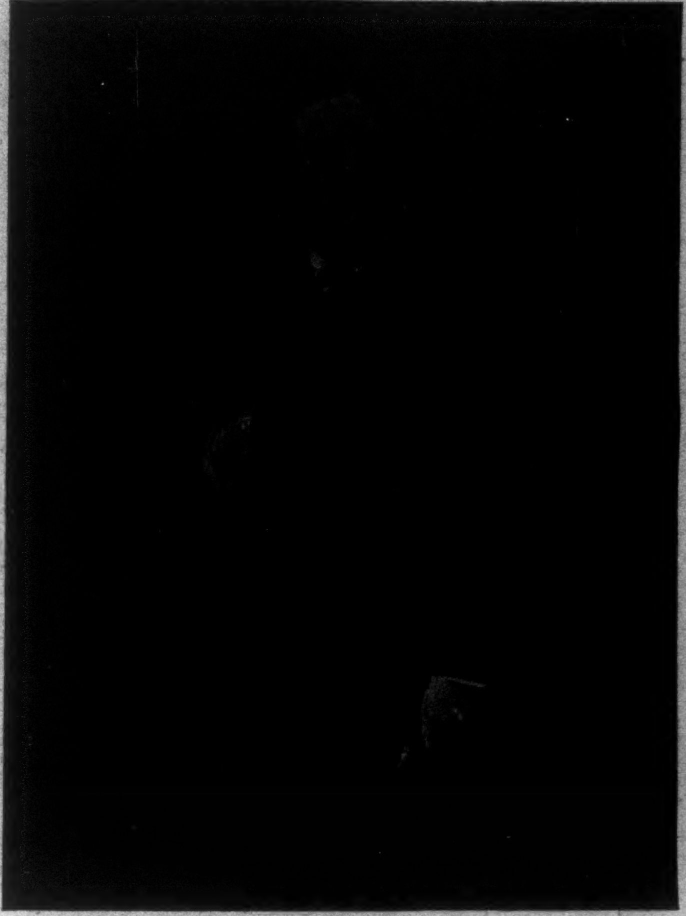
Yanni laughed. "Really the Turk is a convenient man. We can take provisions from here which will last to Nauplia. There will be no skulking about in villages to buy bread and wine and not be seen. The chickens are ready. Sit down, cousin."

They passed the evening in the best of spirits, for that the hated and despised Turk, whose destruction was their mission, should board and lodge them thus unwittingly seemed one of the best of jokes. Mitsos every now and then broke into a huge grin as he made fearful inroads upon the food and wine, and Yanni kept ejaculating: "Very good chicken of the Turk. The best wine of the Turk. Give me some lettuce of the Turk. I wish we could take the candles, Mitsos, but perhaps two peasant boys with heavy silver candlesticks slung on their horse might seem odd."

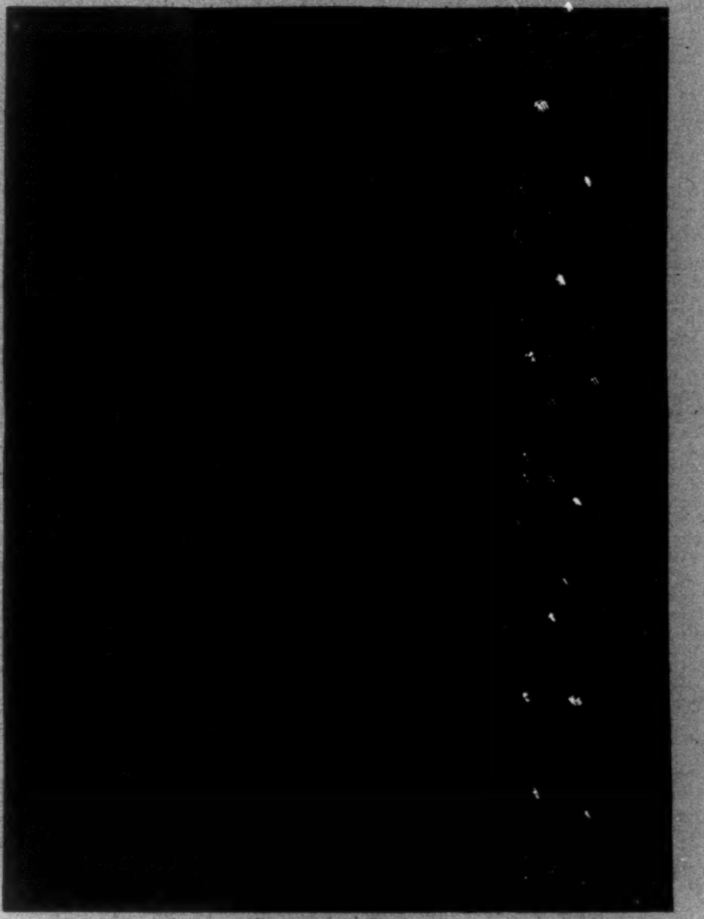
They started again next morning, having loaded the pony with provisions, for Yanni preferred to suffer from his blister rather than from hunger, and struck straight across the plain, avoiding the villages, and keeping to byways. They reached the Eurotas—that great, clear stream, sliding on from pool to shallow, and shallow to rapid, and ford to ford—some mile or so below Sparta, and Mitsos, who in his inland life pined for the amphibious existence of Nauplia, came upon a deep pool, and in a moment was stripped and swimming. From there another two hours led them across the plain to the foot of the hills, where they halted and ate a sumptuous mid-day meal.

So for two more days they went on, sleeping sometimes during the middle of the day under the shade of aromatic pines or behind some bluff of earth in a dry torrent-bed, and as they got nearer to Tripoli and Argos, marching through the cool still night over shoulders and outstretched limbs of mountain range or down through silent valleys all flushed with spring, and spending the daylight hours in some sheltered nook or cave, each keeping alternate watches while the other slept, and eventually coming down to Myli, where they were to get the boat to take them across the bay early one morning, while it was still dark; and once again in the pure sweet sunrise Mitsos saw the great blue sheet of the bay spread out smooth and clear at his feet, and the first rays of morning sparkling on the town on the other side, turning the damp roofs to sheets of gold, and on a white house at the head of the bay, where his heart was.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD.
Candidate of the Citizens' Union for Comptroller of Greater New York.—[See Page 1022.]



AUSTEN G. FOX.
Candidate of the Citizens' Union for District Attorney of Greater New York.—[See Page 1022.]

NEAL DOW.

NEAL Dow was born in Portland, Maine, March 20, 1804. His father, Jedediah Dow, died at the age of nearly ninety-five.

Neal Dow was twenty-five years old when he delivered his first temperance speech. It was at an anniversary supper of a fire company to which he belonged, and his strenuous opposition to the use of liquor was effective to that degree that the fire company adopted temperance as a principle. Later he prevailed upon the Maine Mechanics' Charitable Association to forego the use of wine at its annual dinner.

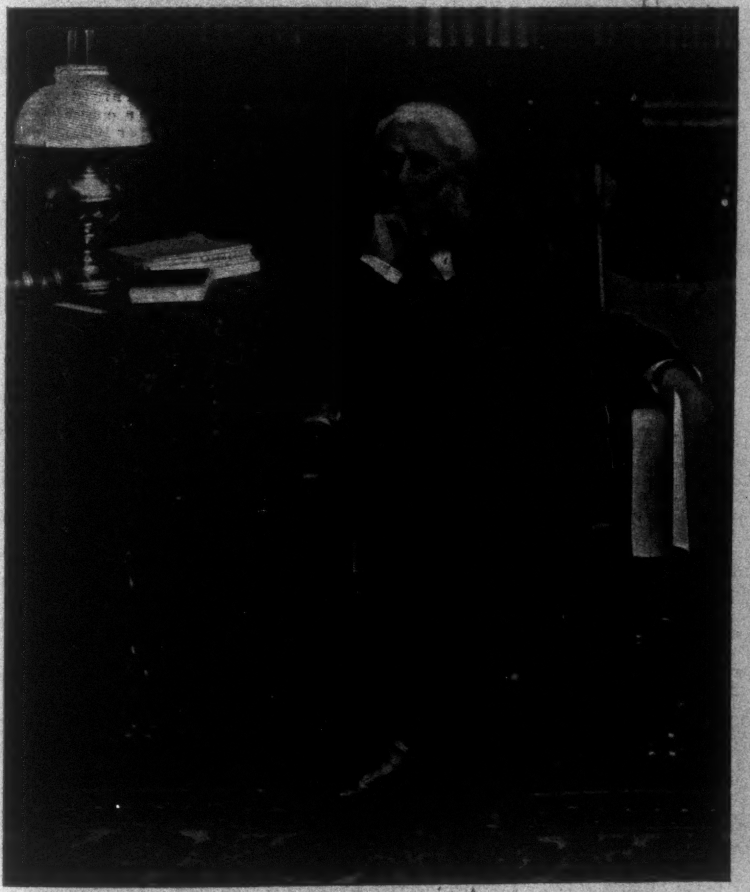
At that time liquor was almost universally used in Maine. One of the curious customs of Portland in those days was the ringing of the town bell at eleven and at four o'clock, by way of warning to mechanics that it was time to leave work and get a drink. This custom the young reformer succeeded in having abolished. Then he persuaded most of the Portland employers to discontinue supplying their men with liquor.

Beginning in the humblest rank, he rose to be head of the Portland Fire Department, and made it one of the best in New England.

After his first successes, Neal Dow felt that Temperance was the most important cause of the age. It was owing largely to his efforts that the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society of Portland was organized. Its first meeting, it is said, was held in the counting-room of a distillery.

A memorial was presented, in 1837, asking the Maine Legislature to pass a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor. General James Appleton, of Massachusetts, who had become a resident of Portland, was the leader of the movement, the first ever made in this country at least. It failed, and then Neal Dow, his friend, stepped forward as the champion of Prohibition.

Two years later he succeeded in having the question of Prohibition submitted to the popular vote in Portland, but it was defeated. Portland, however, in 1843, voted for Prohibition by a majority of 440. In 1846 the Maine Legislature enacted the first liquor prohibitory law, but the penalties provided were slight; and in 1849 he persuaded that body to pass a more stringent law, which was vetoed by the Governor, however. It was again passed by the House in 1850, but the Senate voted it down. Dow was elected Mayor of Portland in 1851, and the same year the Legislature passed the law he drew up. He was defeated for re-election, and then took to the lecture field, his speeches arousing great enthusiasm. Elected Mayor of Portland again in 1855, a riot occurred during his term of office, when Mayor Dow took personal charge of a company of troops. He ordered the troops to fire on the rioters, who were attempting to seize the stock of liquors owned by the city, and one of the alleged rioters was killed. The Mayor surrendered himself up to justice, and was at once discharged. Following this, the prohibitory law was repealed, but it was reenacted the next year, and has been on the statute-books ever since.



NEAL DOW.
Died October 2, 1897.

Neal Dow was one of the first antislavery agitators. He was active in the organization of the Republican party. As a Republican he was twice elected to the Legislature, in 1858 and in 1859.

When the war broke out Neal Dow had become convinced that the tenets of the Society of Friends did not harmonize with the career upon which he had entered. He was commissioned Colonel October 5, 1861, and had his regiment ready for the field by December 30.

While in command at Ship Island he was commissioned Brigadier-General. Leading a charge at Port Hudson, he was twice wounded and was taken from the field. A party of rebel cavalry slipped through the Union lines and captured him. He was twice in Libby Prison, and was eventually exchanged for General Fitzhugh Lee.

After the close of the war he spent three years in the Prohibition propaganda in Europe.

In 1880 General Dow was nominated for the Presidency by the Prohibitionists, but declined the honor and voted the Republican ticket. He did not leave the Republican party until 1886, when he took the stump in Maine.

PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA.
The New Spanish Premier.—[See Page 1022.]

THE PHILADELPHIA GAS-WORKS.

In March, 1835, the Councils of Philadelphia passed an ordinance providing for the construction and management of the Philadelphia gas-works. It authorized the City Treasurer to receive subscriptions for one thousand shares of stock at $100 per share. These shares were subscribed for, and in 1836 the works were completed. They were managed and controlled by a board of twelve trustees, six elected by each branch of Councils for a term of three years. The city reserved to itself the right to take over the works and convert the stock into a loan—a right which was exercised in 1841. Thus the city became the absolute owner of the gas-works. Further improvements and extensions being necessary, additional loans were negotiated, to which the credit of the city was pledged, as were also the buildings, appurtenances, fixtures, and profits. As a supposed additional security, an ordinance was passed in 1841 expressly stipulating that the works should be controlled and managed by the trustees until the loans were paid off—a provision which turned up in later years to plague the city and baffle efforts to improve the system. As the city acquired new plants, these too were put under the control of the trustees upon similar conditions.

It was not until September, 1868, that this policy was changed. In that month an ordinance was passed authorizing a new gas loan; but it was expressly stipulated that the provisions of the ordinance of 1841 should not apply, and that nothing contained in the ordinance should interfere with the city's taking possession of the gas-works whenever Councils might determine to do so. The last loan subject to the ordinance of 1841 expired in 1886, and then Councils were free to transfer the works to the newly constituted Department of Public Works, which they accordingly did by the ordinance of April 4, 1887.

At the time of the transfer the gas-works supplied all the gas sold in the city of Philadelphia, except in a small portion covered by the Northern Liberties Gas Company, as the city had from time to time acquired possession of all independent gas-works within the city limits, paying for them by the issuance of new loans, thus concentrating the business of gas-making in its own hands—a business which grew as the city's population grew. The politicians were not slow to see that the gas-works offered them large opportunities to increase their prestige and power, and accordingly they laid their plans to secure control of the Board of Trustees, and through it of the immense patronage in the shape of positions and contracts at its disposal, so that by the close of the sixties the gas-works had passed entirely into the control of the ring, which came to be known as the "gas ring," the workings and iniquities of which have been quite fully and interestingly brought out by Mr. James Bryce in the second volume of his *American Commonwealth*.

From the close of the war until early in the eighties the "gas ring" dominated the politics of Philadelphia. It ran things generally, and the gas-works particularly, to suit itself and its political fortunes. The only redress open to the city was through Councils; but the "ring" managed that only men friendly to their interests were nominated and elected to Councils, so that there was little danger of any demand for figures or an investigation. Consequently we have no data for the later period covered by the management of the trustees from which we can draw any intelligent conclusions. It was not until the works were transferred to the Department of Public Works, in 1887, that we can learn anything of importance about their management, or concerning the question of whether they yield a profit or loss.

Naturally the gas trustees were averse to any proposition to sell or lease the works to private parties, as such a course would have meant their retirement and put an end to their power; and since the city has assumed the direct management, Councils have persistently refused to consider with favor any such suggestion. Only last year the Common Council adopted a resolution to the effect that it viewed with disfavor any proposition to place this valuable plant (estimated by the Mayor to be worth at least $30,000,000) in the hands of a corporation, thereby establishing a monopoly of a necessity and placing the people at its mercy. The present Mayor, in his inaugural address, positively declared it to be his opinion that the gas-works "should never pass from the *absolute control* [italics mine] and ownership of the city." In his annual messages he has reiterated the same sentiment. In 1896 he said, after quoting the above words from his inaugural, that "the plant is too valuable, and history shows that whenever such a property passes into private hands it in turn becomes an extortionate monopoly. During my administration I have seen nothing that tends to change my opinion as once expressed."

Notwithstanding this unqualified expression of executive and councilmanic opinion, the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, which controls and operates gas plants in very nearly forty large cities, has made a proposition to lease the Philadelphia works for a period of thirty years. An ordinance to this effect has been transmitted to Councils by the Mayor. This company proposes to pay the city, for the *exclusive* right to supply gas to the citizens of Philadelphia for a period of thirty years, free from all competition—first, a million dollars for the supplies and materials now on hand and for accounts receivable; then annual cash payments, which, *if* the price of gas is maintained at the present rate ($1 per 1000 cubic feet), would amount to $36,725,000 throughout the term of the lease, beginning the first year with $350,000, and gradually increasing until the thirtieth year, when it will be $2,325,000; the expenditure within three years of $5,000,000 in the improvement, enlargement, and *maintenance* of the works; the supply of 700,000,000 cubic feet of gas for public buildings and street lamps free of charge; the works to be surrendered to the city at the expiration of the lease without further cost to the city.

At the same time that this proposal was submitted, the Philadelphia Gas Company offered to take the works for thirty years at a rental ranging from $1,000,000 a year for the first five years to $1,500,000 for the last five years, and aggregating $37,500,000 during the term of the lease; also to expend $15,000,000 in rebuilding the works, and if less than that amount is needed the difference to be paid to the city, the city to fix the price of gas within certain limits, the maximum charge possible being $1 per 1000 cubic feet for illuminating purposes, and 75 cents for fuel; the city to have the privilege of terminating the lease at any time after ten years by reimbursing the company for the actual cost of improvements, with interest at five per cent. per annum.

Since these offers were made others have been submitted, one by the Bay State Gas Company, and two by groups of local capitalists, the terms of which are somewhat more favorable than those offered by the two first-mentioned companies. All the offers demonstrate the immense value of the plant and good will and the large profits likely to accrue from a proper and businesslike management of the works. While the terms offered at this time by the various bidders are much the fairest and most advantageous thus far offered, it is not to be understood that the city's interests are adequately protected, or that a better proposition could not be made, and at the same time yield a fair and reasonable profit to the lessee.

A consideration of these terms and their fairness involves the whole question of the city's ownership and management; and while the figures furnished by the Bureau of Gas do not enable one to comprehend fully the past decade's operation, a study of such as we have at hand and of the conditions surrounding the present management is both instructive and interesting to the student of the conduct of municipal monopolies.

We must preface any consideration of the subject by the statement that the gas-works are run on a political basis. They are still in politics, although they do not hold the conspicuous place they once did. Still, as they require or are alleged to require nearly two thousand employees, their political importance is not to be overlooked, and in passing I may say they have not been overlooked by the practical politicians. A very large proportion of the employees are exempt even from such civil service rules as we have, coming under the exempted class of laborers. This leaves the way open for the political pull, and evidence is not wanting to show that it is fully utilized.

The appropriations for salaries and wages have increased since 1890, although the amount of water gas purchased has increased at a more rapid rate, and although considerable labor-saving machinery has been introduced. For instance, in his report for 1896, the Director of Public Works, after speaking of certain machinery that had been installed during his administration, said, "Their introduction will result in a great saving in the labor account." The figures for salaries, wages, and water gas since 1890 are:

	Salaries.	Wages.	Water Gas.
1890	$157,308	$750,000	$425,000
1891	163,168	735,000	490,784
1892	167,098	776,585	500,000
1893	174,968	814,000	581,000
1894	180,968	856,000	560,000
1895	189,788	905,100	600,000
1896	189,738	905,300	700,000

While it is undoubtedly true that the growth in the items for wages has been accompanied by a corresponding growth in the total amount of gas manufactured, it is but reasonable to expect, if the works were managed on an economical business basis, modern improvements adopted, and labor-saving devices introduced, that the ratio of increase in the wages item would be very much less than the ratio of increase in the matter of gross output; but such has not been the case, and the evidence of experts was produced before the Senatorial Investigating Committee to the effect that many more men were employed than were needed; that, as a matter of fact, there were so many men engaged that they were in one another's way. One expert testified before the councilmanic committee that three hundred men were employed in making all the gas needed in Boston, which was about one-half the quantity needed in Philadelphia.

Under such circumstances it is hardly to be expected that the management of the works would show a profit, although, if we deduct from the gross receipts the amounts appropriated, less the balances merging, we find for the years 1888 to 1894 (when the price per 1000 cubic feet was reduced from $1 50 to $1) a gross annual profit:

	Receipts.	Appropriation, less amounts merging.	Balance.
1888	$3,750,569 89	$3,429,014 31	+$ 321,555 58
1889	3,659,077 30	2,875,425 15	+ 783,652 15
1890	3,659,746 36	2,714,102 01	+ 945,644 35
1891	3,747,996 75	2,715,424 36	+ 1,032,572 39
1892	3,845,989 27	2,782,956 30	+ 1,063,032 97
1893	4,022,128 41	2,993,387 44	+ 1,028,740 97
1894	3,143,604 79	3,311,100 32	— 167,495 53
1895	3,156,083 18	3,329,144 25	— 173,061 07
1896	3,318,337 71	3,586,287 54	— 266,949 83

It must be borne in mind in examining these figures that no allowance is made for the depreciation of the plant; nor for interest on the investment, which at five per cent. on the Mayor's valuation of $30,000,000 would amount to $1,500,000; nor for sinking-fund charges. On the other hand, they include the payments properly chargeable to capital account. The city pays the interest on the outstanding gas loans, and is yearly putting away certain sums to provide for their redemption; but this does not come out of the receipts of the Gas Bureau. On the other hand, no credit is allowed in the above statement for the gas used by the city in lighting the highways and public buildings. The amount thus used has increased from year to year, and if charged for at regular rates represents a very considerable sum:

	Amount used for public lighting.	Rate.	Representing, at current rates.
	Cubic feet.		
1888	536,158,081	$1 50	$804,237 12
1889	521,401,101	1 50	782,101 65
1890	551,459,572	1 50	827,189 35
1891	587,398,328	1 50	881,097 49
1892	594,203,605	1 50	891,305 40
1893	602,392.714	1 50	903,589 07
1894	623,313,751	1 00	623,318 75
1895	638.494,005	1 00	638,494 00
1896	674,031.512	1 00	674,031 51

The chief of the bureau claims a profit of $352,988 80 for 1896. This he makes out by the following statement:

		Dr.	
1896.			
Dec. 8.	To sale of gas, coke, etc.		$3,378,143 24
	" rents		5,596 53
	" coal on hand		119,744 37
	" coke on hand		14,631 71
	" gas sold and on hand		787,387 85
	" amount due for residuals		12,234 00
	" materials for repairs on hand		15,406 95
			$4,333,144 64

		Cr.	
1896.			
Dec. 8.	By coal on hand	$ 66,913 16	
	" coke on hand	23,626 63	
	" gas sold and on hand	665,074 90	
	" amount due for residuals	12,303 85	
	" materials, etc.	15,857 27	
	" payments for manufacture	1,727,043 87	
	" " " gas purchased	700,000 00	
	" " " repairs	338,890 30	
	" " " salaries, etc.	340,545 67	
	" *Profits*	352,988 80	
			$4,333,144 64

An analysis of these figures will show that if we deduct the amount of stock and bills receivable on hand at the end of the year from the amount on hand at the beginning, $175,728 of the reported profit is at once accounted for. If we go a step further, and add to the cost of manufacture for 1896, as shown in these figures, the amount of stock, etc., on hand on January 1, 1896, and compare it with the gross output of the works, we find that the cost of manufacture per 1000 cubic feet is 85 cents. Taking the chief's figures for these items we have:

Payments for manufacture of gas	$1,727,043 87
Payments for repairs, etc.	338,890 30
Miscellaneous payments, including salaries of inspectors.	340,545 67
Coal, coke, and repair materials on hand January 1, 1896.	149,783 03
	$2,556,262 87

The report shows that the city manufactured in 1896 a total amount equal to 2,997,065,000 cubic feet, which does not of course include the water gas purchased; nor are the payments for water gas included in the item of cost. Of course we must not forget that the citizens are benefited to the extent of the reduced price of gas; but we must also remember that all the propositions are bas d on the rate of $1 as the maximum. If private corporations can furnish gas at $1 and make money, how is it that the city cannot make a similar profit? First, because business principles do not obtain, and political ones do; secondly, because the city's officials do not push the business as a private corporation would: they wait for the customers to come to them, while a private corporation would go out after them (but two-thirds of the houses in Philadelphia have gas connections, and no attempt has been made to develop the demand for gas as a fuel); thirdly, civil service rules do not apply to the management: men are not appointed because they know how to make gas, but because primarily they "can carry their divisions." Then the city does not pay sufficient salaries to attract expert men. For instance, the superintendent of the works of the company furnishing water gas to the city, and which supplied 1,916,396,000 cubic feet in 1896, or about thirty-eight per cent. of the total amount used, receives a salary of $6500 a year, while the chief of the Bureau of Gas, having supervision not only of the manufacture but also of the distribution of all the gas made or bought by the city, receives but $5500.

It is somewhat difficult to determine where the fault lies that things are as they are. The bureau asserts that it does not receive sufficient money for needed improvements. Councils assert that the bureau gets all that it asks for, and that it has not made use of the extensions provided for. An examination of the history of the conduct of the bureau and the course of appropriations reveals some interesting coincidences. Whether the series of facts are related to each other as cause and effect cannot with positiveness be alleged; still, if taken in conjunction with recent developments, they are worthy of consideration and study.

In the first place, while the amounts appropriated for water gas have been steadily increased by Councils, the amounts for improvements have steadily decreased, until at the present time the means of distribution are in a deplorably bad shape. In 1888 the city made a contract to purchase water gas at the rate of 37 cents per 1000 cubic feet in the holder. The appropriations for its purchase under this ordinance have increased from $300,000 in 1889 to $750,000 in 1897, as follows:

1889	$300,000	1894	$560,000
1890	425,000	1895	600,000
1891	490,784	1896	700,000
1892	500, 00	1897	750,000
1893	581,000		

Efforts to increase the appropriations for water gas have succeeded, when efforts to secure appropriations for improvements have failed. That the latter are imperatively necessary is shown by the agreement on the part of the bidders to expend at least five millions within the next three years. The United Gas Improvement Company, which made the first offer, and is generally regarded as having the best chance of securing favorable action on its bid, is substantially the same company that has been supplying the water gas. I am not in a position to state that the constant deterioration in the quality of the gas furnished and the depreciation of the city's plant, accompanied as it has been by the increasing use of water gas, and the offer to lease the works for thirty years by the same company—because (to use the words of the recital of its ordinance) "very large sums ought now to be expended in laying additional mains, services, etc., for the erection of new and additional apparatus necessary for the economical manufacture of gas"—are part and parcel of one transaction; all I can assert is that these things have happened contemporaneously, and inure to the benefit of the company making the first offer. The city has spent large sums of moneys during the past decade for other objects, and in November will submit a $11,000,000 loan to the vote of the people; but only one million of it is for gas improvements, in spite of the assertion of the experts that at least five millions is absolutely necessary.

The solution of the problem is to be found, it seems to me, not in the direction of a leasing, with all the disadvantages and drawbacks of a private "extortionate monopoly," to quote Mayor Warwick again, but by placing the works on a strict business and civil service basis. Put the Philadelphia Gas-Works in charge of an experienced gas-maker of the character, courage, and calibre of Colonel Waring as a street-cleaner, and I have no hesitation in

ing that they will be managed as successfully and as much to the credit of the city and of the citizens as the Street-Cleaning Department in New York now is. There would perhaps be a vigorous and virulent attack by the politicians, and Councils would threaten reduced appropriations, but there could be only one result in the long-run—the complete vindication of the policy of applying business methods to municipal affairs. Clinton Rogers Woodruff.

THE WASHINGTON POST-OFFICE.

About one year from the 1st of this month, if no unexpected obstacles arise, the Washington city post-office will move into its new quarters on Pennsylvania Avenue. Hope long deferred has made the heart of the Washington citizen sick about the local post-office since 1893. The appropriation for the new building was made in 1891. In 1892 the building was begun. To-day the outer structure is complete, but the steam-pipes are not in, the walls are unfinished, and the flooring has not been laid; and recently the government has made a contract for another year to occupy the dismal old building in which the local post-office is housed, on G Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

The location of the Washington post-office has general interest, because most of the official mail of the government is handled through it, and because a syndicate of well-known politicians is credited with having a hand in the delay which has marked the work on the new building. This syndicate owns the building now leased and occupied by the city post-office. The building was put up for the use of the post-office, which pays a rental of $20,000 a year for very cramped quarters in it. The syndicate presumably will not obtain as much for the space from any one but the government. Hence its desire to prolong the present occupancy. It has even been rumored of late that officers of the government were moving toward the appropriation of the new post-office to other uses, leaving the city postmaster and his employees in their present quarters. This rumor is improbable, however, and public sentiment, already outraged by the long delays in completing the new building, would break out in a manner commanding respect if such a proposition were made in seriousness.

The business handled at the Washington city post-office makes it an office of importance far beyond the claims of the city's population. Washington has 258,000 inhabitants. The registry business of the Washington city post-office ranks third in the United States. Of this admittedly sixty-five per cent., and possibly seventy-two per cent., is official business of the government. Two years ago, when a statement was made up in support of a claim of the Washington postmaster for an increase of compensation, it was shown that while Chicago handled 3,272,677, Washington handled 2,944,173 packages of registered mail, and the governmental business passing through the Washington post-office had a known value of $698,250,863. Last year the governmental business passing through the Washington post-office had a known value of more than $800,000,000.

This enormous registry business comprehends shipments of postage-stamps, postal cards, internal revenue-stamps, and supplies from the bureaus of the Treasury. Its size is such that it demands a special reservation in the new city post-office for the internal revenue-stamps, and another to handle postal cards. These will be in the basement. On the main floor of the building, in the south-west corner of the great court, will be special reservations for the handling of official mail and Congressional mail.

This court will be probably the longest undivided court in any public building when the post-office is ready for occupancy. It is now a clear 100 × 200 feet, the building being 200 × 300 feet. From the floor to the glass skylight is about 35 feet, and to the roof skylight about 200 feet.

The skylight which roofs the court is supported by five arched beams of iron. It contains about 2700 lights of glass laid over wire. From this roof to the roof of the building there is an unobstructed space running up six stories and a half. The upper six stories of the building were originally to have been occupied by some minor bureaus of the government, but under a law passed by Congress at its last session the Post-office Department will move from its present quarters into the new building. This will leave for the city post-office only the main floor and the basement; but the court space alone will be greater than all the space occupied by the post-office in its present quarters.

As at present planned, the eastern half of this court will be given over to the mailing division, and the western half to the delivery division. It is possible that a carrier-belt will be introduced to draw the letters from the drop-boxes on the Pennsylvania Avenue side of the building to the rear of the court, and that the delivery division will be extended across the entire Pennsylvania Avenue front. The two divisions will be separated by a wire screen, which, as planned now, will run down the middle of the court, on the line of three small circular towers. These towers contain hot-air apparatus and "lookouts" for the department detectives. There is an enclosed platform in the upper part of each one, and windows on four sides command a complete view of both divisions. These platforms can be reached from the basement by means of iron ladders, and at any moment the clerk, all unconscious, may be under the surveillance of a secret-service officer.

This lookout system is extended to the cashier's office, where windows high up in the wall give detectives a chance to watch the clerks who have the handling of the stamps.

In the mailing division of the court will be the cancellation machines, which are run by electricity, and the iron bag-racks. Into the bags as they hang in these racks the mail will be tossed by the assorting-clerks, and when the hour for closing a mail arrives, the bags will be locked, run on trucks to elevators at the rear of the building, and delivered to the waiting wagons.

In the delivery division will be a series of cases to hold the carriers' mail. There will be 165 clerks in the mail and delivery division alone, and more than 300 clerks in the building.

When it is completed and occupied, Washington's city post-office will be a model which the Postmaster-General can exhibit with pride to the distinguished visitors from other countries, who often come to Washington to study our postal system. G. G. Bain.

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war.—[*Adv.*]

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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Angostura Bitters — Eiffel Tower Fruit Juices—White's Jelly Crystals, are now exhibited, and their merits demonstrated, at the Madison Square Garden, American Institute Fair. Be our guest.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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"*February 20th, 1896.*" "MARIE STUDHOLME.

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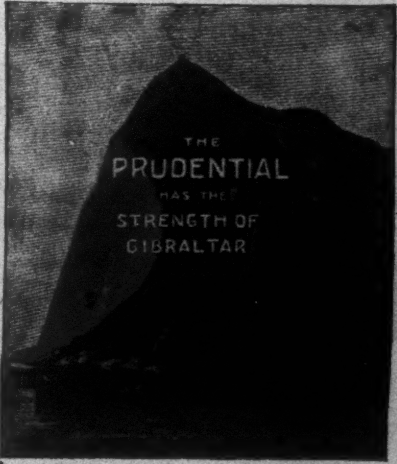

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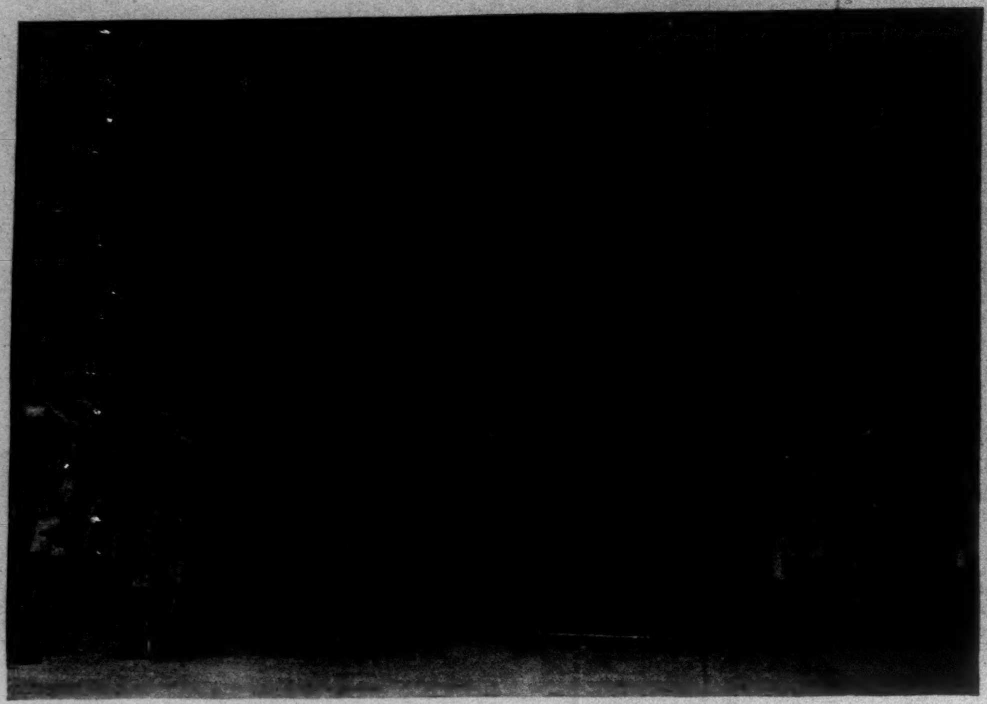
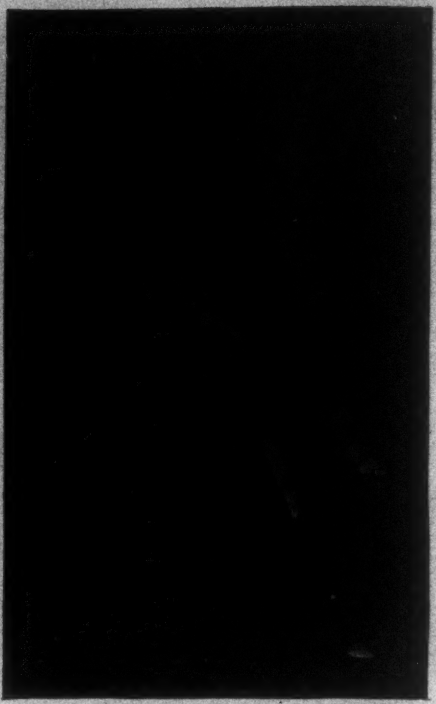
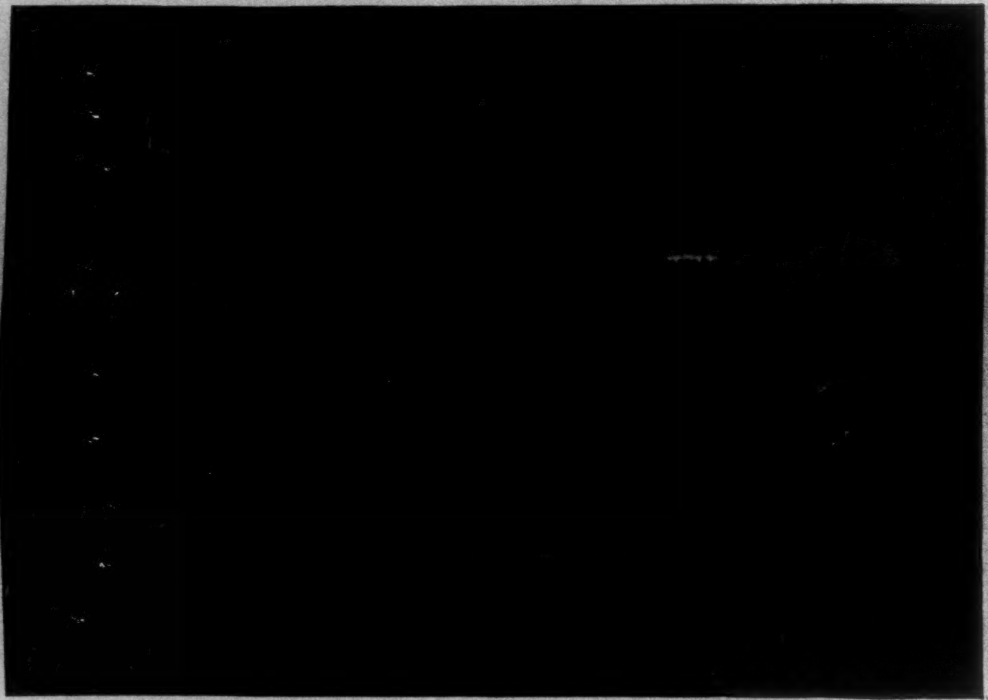


TABLEAU, ACT III.—DICK DUDGEON (MR. MANSFIELD) ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED.

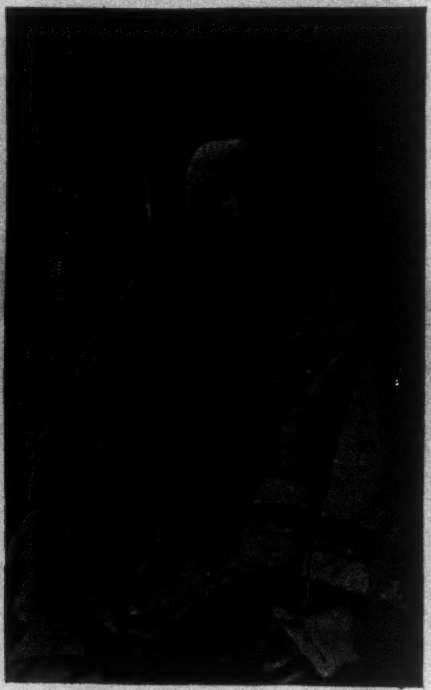


CHAN WANG (MR. FRANCIS POWERS) AND CHAN TOY, "THE FIRST BORN" (VENIE WELLS).



ACT II.—DICK DUDGEON (MR. MANSFIELD) AND MRS. ANDERSON (MISS CAMERON).

"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE" AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON.



LOEY TSING, THE SLAVE GIRL (MISS MAY BUCKLEY).

"THE FIRST BORN" AT THE MANHATTAN.

Miss Maude Hoffman as Edna Minch. Mr. Willard as Dr. Lewin Carey. Mr. Oswald Yorke as Amphiel.

"THE PHYSICIAN" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE—THE DRAMATIC CLIMAX OF ACT III.

THE NEW YORK THEATRES—SCENES FROM THREE NEW PLAYS.—[SEE PAGE 1026.]

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, which he has undertaken for* Harper's Weekly. *He proceeds overland to San Francisco and Vancouver. On his way across the continent he will gather material for a series of articles on sport in the West, the first of which is printed this week. From Vancouver he will sail for Siam, touching at Japan and China. In Siam* Mr. Whitney *will penetrate into the interior, which is one of the least-known lands in the world. His main purpose there will be to hunt big game, Siam being richer in varieties of the larger wild animals than either Africa or India. After this hunt* Mr. Whitney *will proceed to Europe, and will there prepare a series of articles on sport in France, Germany, and England.*

During Mr. Whitney's *absence this Department will publish contributions from* Mr. Walter Camp, Mr. John Corbin, *and other well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

ATHLETIC REGENERATION IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

Study of the present collegiate athletic situation in that part of the West of which Chicago is the centre suggests three main conclusions that to me seem to be fair and tenable: (1) Immeasurable betterment of athletic morals. (2) Improvement as a result of faculty supervision. (3) No general lowering of playing skill in consequence of limiting teams to amateurs.

These are three concise conclusions to which every Western man may refer with pride, and which every friend of amateur sport in this country may accept with confidence. And no one more than I can appreciate the efforts that have created the present condition, for none was more familiar with the difficulties by which the path of reform was beset. It is infinite pleasure, then, to commend rather than to censure, and I must be forgiven if I use a little of my space in praising the individuals and the institutions that once I had the distasteful duty of criticising.

In the ten years I have devoted to studying the various questions making in the amateur sport of America I have never known more serious ones than those which arose in the Middle West three years ago, nor have such prompt and effective measures yet come under my notice as those adopted and enforced by a majority of the universities of that section. I am frank enough to say that there has been accomplished in two years in the Middle West results which the extreme East was about half a dozen years in attaining. The ethics of the larger universities of the Middle West now compare most favorably with those of the colleges of corresponding importance in the East. Indeed, in the matter of recruiting athletes through "eating clubs" and other means originally devised for helping indigent students, and in the prohibition of games with club teams of questionable status, I am of the opinion that the universities of Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, and Illinois are officially maintaining even a more commendable attitude than are Princeton, Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, and Lafayette.

In putting myself on record to this effect I hope I shall not be misinterpreted on this "eating-club" question. The honest student who works his way through college has no more sincere admirer than I. If he be an honest student and a football or baseball player of skill, so much the better for the sport of his college, for this kind of man makes the most determined athlete. I believe in helping such students, and to that end I consider the eating clubs a praiseworthy means. The fact *per se* that an eating-club man is an athlete does not and should not create suspicion concerning his status or his position in the college. Nor is the further fact that so large a number of the indigent students should be athletes of itself disquieting, although it begins to awaken critical attention. But the fact that a great many of the men so assisted are men who have made athletic reputations at other colleges, are men who at other (usually smaller) colleges have not filled the rôle of indigent students—that fact, I say, is most significant, and causes distrust in the good faith of the eating-club project and of the university itself, besides creating suspicion of the status of not only the athlete in question, but of all the other athletes who are enjoying eating-club privileges.

This may sound like a digression from the question I started to discuss. But it is not. On the contrary, it is most pertinent. On every trip I have made into the West for the purpose of studying athletic conditions, there is no block over which I have stumbled so frequently as that standing for the eating clubs in certain of the Eastern universities. No single feature in college life operated so strongly and so maliciously to excuse Western colleges for their former universal athletic unwholesomeness. They were convinced that it was no worse for them to steal athletes from the smaller colleges and pay them money than it was for the Eastern colleges to "induce" Western players East and remunerate their disloyalty by giving them an eating club, or room-rent, or, in some cases, even tuition.

And they were quite right: where a man's athletic prowess is the attraction, one method is as bad as the other.

The question is, how to relieve the eating club and other similar methods of helping indigent students from the present distrust visited upon its good intentions and yet not deny its assistance to deserving students. And the answer is easily found. Put a stop to this venal recruiting policy, which, I regret to say, seems most in evidence at Princeton and Pennsylvania. The moment a man in a Western or Southern college makes a reputation in any branch of sport he is marked, and forthwith a siege begun of an earnestness worthy a better cause. If a man comes to a college, well and good; if he is deserving, there are abundant legitimate ways of helping him. But to patrol the country with procurers is to invest college sport with a professional spirit which reflects disgrace upon the agents' employers, and does university sport great and lasting harm. It is to be clearly understood that I do not charge invariable wrong-doing in this recruiting, but often there is, and it gives the impression in the section where the recruit is found that he gets something, whatever it may be—eating-club board, college service—for going to that particular university. And I maintain that any custom or means or indulgence that permits of the impression that a man is getting something for going to one particular college is distinctly and undeniably harmful to amateur sport.

Every time I come West the query is put to me how this one or that one is permitted to represent an Eastern college. I am asked, in what respect is Eastern college sport more healthful than the Western if Pennsylvania is permitted to gather in McCracken and Outland from Kansas, and Princeton offers enough inducement to take Palmer from Iowa? The plea that Eastern universities offer greater educational advantages is not satisfying to the familiars of the men under discussion, and not satisfying to those acquainted with the educational facilities offered by the leading universities of the Middle West.

On this present occasion of my being in Chicago I am confronted with embarrassing questions concerning three more athletes who have gone out of the West to attend Eastern colleges—Rush, Maybury, Kraenzlein. In reply to my Western inquirers I can only say that while there is an unpleasant suggestiveness of athletic prowess being the desired quality by whatever Eastern universities may finally secure them (secure is the word, and what a professional ring there is to it!), the scholarly record of Rush at Grinnell, and the fact that Maybury has already run three years of his allotted four, rather indicate that these two at least are not going East for athletics only.

The question being answered as to the method of relieving eating clubs and colleges of the suspicion of serving as mere baits for athletes of other colleges, the next questions following are, who is to do it? and how are they to do it? And the answers to these are quite as easily found as was the answer to the other.

The faculties, collectively and individually, are the ones to do it, and the way is by exhibiting through their works more genuine desire to have the college sport wholesome, and by doing less talking about it. More real virtue instead of semblance of it is the panacea for our athletic ills. Faculty members, athletic committee men, and *alumni* advisers preach long and loud on what is needed and of what they hope to do; but when the opportunity offers for doing it, with individual exceptions here and there, they find excuses of one kind and another for turning aside from their duty.

The faculty of any college is all-powerful; at most of them it is already invested with absolute control, and at all the others control can be acquired. And the possibilities of faculty supervision, and the healthful influence it can exert, are illustrated by the athletic regeneration of the Middle West during the past two years. Four years ago, when the athletics of the Middle Western colleges were notoriously dissolute, the faculties, with but few exceptions, were entirely indifferent to the situation, excusing themselves on the plea that it was no business of the professors to interfere with the sports of the students. Then came an awakening to the demoralizing influence of dishonest sport, followed by a meeting of faculty members representing several different colleges. These framed some excellent rules, and suggested their acceptance. Some colleges went through the form of acceptance, some did not make even a pretence of accepting them, and at the majority there was no clearing of the athletic atmosphere. Then came exposure of the athletic situation in all its depravity, and with it realization by the faculties of their duty.

The average Eastern, or even Western reader, for that matter, will not understand to what a task the Middle Western college faculties set themselves when, two years ago, they entered upon a crusade against unwholesome sport, with the determination of purging the college atmosphere of athletic uncleanliness. But my word, as that of an unprejudiced and somewhat fairly well-posted observer, may be accepted for the assurance that the task was huge. It meant not only the suppression of professional tendency, but, if reform was to be permanent, it meant also the education of great numbers of undergraduates in the ethics of amateur sport, and the combating of the demoralizing influence of *alumni* with more dollars than sportsmanship.

How well the faculties have succeeded I have already intimated.

Now all this success will go for naught if the faculties relax their vigilance. They have earned a respite from their labors, unquestionably, but this is no time to enjoy it. Much has been accomplished, but the most important achievement is yet to be completed. In my judgment the Western college athletic situation is at its most impressionable and significant phase. The faculties have rooted out the practices of professionalism, they have made laws, they have enforced them, and they have created an undergraduate respect for themselves and for the laws they have created.

But they have not—and it would have taken supernatural agencies, indeed, to do so—created an undergraduate sentiment which may be relied upon to travel unguided on healthful athletic lines. They have not entirely killed the sentiment that favors any means to the end of winning. I speak generally, of course. There have been examples in the season just closed of undergraduate sympathy practically applied, and none more gratifying than that of the Michigan baseball manager, who gave that university the first genuine amateur nine it has had in years. There have been other exhibitions of the same commendable sympathy in the efforts making for clean sport—by the student support furnished A. A. Stagg in his resolute stand against temptation, and by the students of Minnesota, who have clung to certain purifying rules although they bore hard upon their prospects.

Taking the colleges as a whole, however, there is yet wanting a real appreciation or even understanding of just what constitutes an amateur. One earnest worker in the good cause, who has developed an unwarranted pessimism, complained to me yesterday that the ideas of the average Western student concerning the ethics of amateur sport are "very hazy." Of course they are—why should they not be? It would be an extraordinary conversion indeed if in two years ignorance and tradition and long personal acquaintance with certain unprofitable methods had all given place to ethical enlightenment—undefiled and complete. He submits now to faculty judgment in athletics because, let us say, he realizes that the laws the faculties have framed have given him as good sport at a less expense than formerly of both self-respect and dollars. He has formed a respect for the faculties and their laws, but as yet he is enlightened only in individual cases.

No genuine ethical sentiment has been created, perhaps, but the mind of the undergraduate has been prepared, and he is now ready to receive it. That is why I regard the present the most important time in the Western transition from unwholesome to thoroughly healthful conditions of amateur sport.

A man cannot be charged with the amateur sentiment as we charge a battery or fill a tank, nor may he in some incredibly brief period come forth fully enlightened as from some patent incubator process. The influences to the creation of healthful sentiment work slowly and are subtle. Constant application and never-ceasing vigilance are needful to the development of satisfactory results.

In establishing such rules as the exigencies of the situation demanded, and in their enforcement, the faculties of the Middle West have cleared the undergraduate athletic mind of its tares, let us say, and prepared it for the seed of a healthy sentiment. This, then, is the present duty of the faculties: to sow diligently and advisedly, to guard the seedlings against throttling weeds, and to nourish the blossoms that are sure to reward their endeavors. The athletic soil is fertile, and the faculty gardens may make sure of a splendid harvest.

It is not further rule-making that is needed now, but the nursing into life of a healthful sentiment which may and will, if once started, attain an independent and vigorous maturity. I think there is at the moment somewhat of an over-tendency to rule-tinkering. Naturally additional rules should be made as the need becomes apparent, but they should be promoted quietly and as a matter of course. To exploit rule-revision as the need of the hour is to direct student attention from the vital issue, and to postpone the birth of that healthful sentiment which thrives not because of rules.

Secretary J. G. Coulter, of the Western Inter-collegiate Association, with a view to securing an expression of opinion on these and kindred subjects, has sent out a circular inquiry to the Middle Western colleges which, among many others, includes these questions:

In which branch of athletics is your student body most generally interested?

Are your teams well satisfied with the support afforded them by their fellow-students?

What do you think of the fairness and feasibility of major and minor football leagues among Western colleges, the major league to be composed of the universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois, Chicago, and Northwestern and Purdue universities?

Do you think it would be better to have two four-cornered major leagues, one composed of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Northwestern, and a fourth, and the other of Michigan, Chicago, Illinois, and Purdue, and to have the winners of a regular schedule of games in each of these divisions meet in Chicago on Thanksgiving day?

Do you believe in Thanksgiving-day games?

How many "big" games do you think you can afford to let your team play and get best possible results?

Do you favor playing games with any other than college teams?

Do you favor a rule providing that games shall be played only on college grounds?

Do you believe that factional contention robs your association and teams of any of their efficiency?

What seem to you the most needed reforms in Western college football? In general athletics?

Do you think it would be practicable, if the football championship for 1897 prove unsettled by Thanksgiving day, to have played during the Christmas holidays, at the Coliseum in Chicago, a brief series of games to decide the matter?—according, say, to the following schedule: (*a*) 1 *vs.* 2; (*b*) 3 *vs.* 4; (*c*) winner of match *a vs.* winner of match *b*. Two or more days to intervene between matches *b* and *c*.

What rules of eligibility for your teams do you enforce?

What is your period of residence requirement? Your scholarship rule?

Do you require from your team members a sworn statement that they are amateurs according to the definition of the Amateur Athletic Union?

How much control does your faculty exercise over athletics?

Do you believe that your personal judgment, wherein you have expressed it, is in accord with the general sentiment of your student body?

Replies to all these questions will no doubt serve a beneficent purpose—making valuable data, if no other—but the one question most pertinent to the present state of affairs is the last. The general sentiment of the student body is what concerns us now, and all the rest not bearing directly upon it is immaterial. As to leagues, big games, games with club teams, and on other than college grounds, the same excellent faculty supervision that has left so good a record for the last year will duly adjust all those matters satisfactorily.

Chicago University has already given ample evidence of its sentiments on the playing of club teams, by resolutely withstanding the importunities of the Chicago Athletic Association for a game. There are good reasons why it is not advisable for college teams to meet club teams: the different method obtaining in making up teams; the leniency with which club managers view the offences of their players against the ethics of amateur sport; the commercial atmosphere of such games; the usual unpleasant features of the game itself—*i. e.*, the slugging to which all undertrained men resort, and which clubmen, being old and experienced players, know so well how to perform, covertly and viciously; the increase of a schedule of games already as long as should be permitted.

And this suggests the stress that should be laid upon a scholarship standard. Given the amateur definition, play limited to four years, a one-year residence rule, a scholarship standard rule, and a faculty in sympathy with clean sport, and there is no need for other rules to insure honest teams and healthful sport. The Western universities where the athletic sentiment is best are those with scholarship standards. The one rule needed most just now, seems to me, is a four-year limit of play instead of six, as at present. Four years is long enough for any man to represent his college, and the privilege of two more granted those who secure degrees is unfair to the colleges that do not have professional schools, and a distinct bid for postgraduate athletic service. Perhaps the most gratifying evidence of at least the beginning of the healthful sentiment is furnished by the very general insistence at

the colleges upon athletes attaining a prescribed scholarship standard, and the agitation of the same reform at the schools which, especially in and around Chicago, are very active in athletics.

If I were to instance what appears to me one of the most unpleasant accompaniments of Western athletics, it is the tendency to chase after "championships." The Westerner evidently considers the season games so much wasted effort if no championship has been determined, and so he worries a deal about schedules and leagues, and incidentally drifts away from the doctrine of sport for sport's sake.

The championship has long been literally a myth—it is impossible where there are a number of colleges, or where even a few are widely separated. It would be a very serious mistake were Chicago, Michigan, Northwestern, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Purdue to organize a league for the purpose of a round-robin schedule that would determine a champion. It would necessitate a long, hard schedule that really would attach no especial significance to the result, and lead to much misconception of the usefulness of college sport.

Leagues for rule-making, for providing a tribunal of appeal when the need arises, are desirable, but unquestionably there should be no attempts to play every team within hailing distance. Colleges should meet their natural and adjacent rivals, and two "big" games be the limit.

And there should be another rule put forth at once prohibiting preliminary football practice—in which all have indulged hitherto. So, too, must a closer supervision be maintained over baseball-players during their vacations. Another year we shall expect an end to the "summer-nine" play, and the promiscuous play that yields board and lodging, and even in some cases cash payments at five to ten dollars the game.

We do not expect absolute cleanliness as the result of a year's endeavor, but in '98 we shall expect the Middle Western sport relieved of such of its unwholesomeness as is now remaining.

It is a curious fact, and one which has materially retarded the reform movement, that the ideas of the Middle Western press concerning the ethics of amateur sport are even hazier than those of the average undergraduate. The press could do so much to support the honest side of college sport and to educate the general public in athletic morals, but the pursuit of any cock-and-bull story that promised sensational development at college and scare head-lines for the paper appears to have been more to the sporting editor's liking. The Western faculties in their struggle have received very little aid from their home newspapers.

Looking over the leading colleges of this Middle Western section—Chicago, Minnesota, Michigan, Lake Forest, Illinois, Wisconsin, Northwestern—we find that the ones whose present athletic condition is most healthful—Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois, and Lake Forest—are the ones where the faculties have been the dominant factor of control. If Wisconsin's faculty was unhampered by regents and an undergraduate sentiment which seems more unwholesome than that of any other college in this section, Wisconsin would not have fallen from the leading position it once held. I know of none more earnestly in sympathy with honest sport than some of the Wisconsin faculty. Last year a clique of undergraduates and the regents succeeded in dishonoring Wisconsin, and we cannot tell what they may not do this year, and we must withhold our confidence in the good intentions of those in athletic control until they give us some substantial evidence of a wish to have honest amateur teams.

Northwestern's resolutions have been frequently proclaimed, and on the surface appear to meet all the requirements, but the athletics of this university have not yet attained a position above suspicion. There seems a need here of either closer faculty supervision or greater honesty of purpose.

With the athletic clubs of Chicago—the only ones in this section—affairs are somewhat better than a year ago in the Chicago Athletic Association, much worse at the Bankers' Athletic Club, and at neither does there seem to be immediate hope of a standard approaching that raised at the universities.

The Chicago A.A. has not abandoned its practice of gathering in athletes, though its method has been bettered a little perhaps. It seems somewhat extraordinary that managers of athletic clubs do not realize that in the development of home material lie future strength and permanent prosperity.

The Bankers' A. C. is a degenerated institution that begun only a year or so ago, with such fair hopes. It now has three classes of membership: (1) regular—*i. e.*, men who are legitimately eligible according to the ideas from which the club sprung; (2) associate—men who at some time in their life have worked in a bank; (3) athletic—those who serve the club on its teams in return for remuneration of one kind and another.

The Bankers protest much, but the club has broken faith so often its athletic conscience is seared and callous.

And although the Bankers' Club officials, through the newspapers, indignantly deny that they have professionals on their team, Thomas, the captain of their football eleven, and formerly on the C.A.A. team, sues Manager Thompson of the Chicago A. A. for $200, services rendered!

Chicago, *September 27, 1897.*

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Attempts have been made in many quarters to bring together Princeton and Pennsylvania upon the football field this fall, but no consummation has been reached. No game would more delight the enthusiast than this, and the crowd that would attend would be made up by no means solely of partisans of the two universities. Every football coach would feel that upon such an occasion there would be plays that he could ill afford to miss, and every one who entered the gate would know when he took his seat that the spectacle of combat would be something to stir the blood in the most sluggish veins. Those who have closely followed the game for the last few years cannot but feel that a team that could defeat the Princeton eleven of 1896, and the one that could successfully face the still further developed team of 1897, would be a most phenomenal combination. In fact, most of them believe that Princeton would have scored a victory had the two teams met last year, and that the chances would be strongly in her favor should the two come together this fall.

And yet there is no team against whom Pennsylvania would put up such a game as against Princeton. It is their tradition, their almost inherited instinct, to gird themselves against Princeton. Even in the years before their football interests had been so handled as to bring them up into Princeton's class there was always a most valiant struggle on their part—sometimes degenerating, it is true, into too great intensity of feeling—when the two teams met. And later, when the skill and knowledge were more equally divided, Pennsylvania almost invariably put up the best game of their year when facing the men from Jersey. Pennsylvania, without the prestige of former successes, faced and finally conquered Princeton; and the Pennsylvania of to-day is a university with victories behind it as well as to look forward to, and the teams from Philadelphia go forth in the assurance of thorough knowledge, and with plays that are no longer experimental, but tried, tested, and found good in the actual strain of hard matches. It would be Greek meeting Greek now, and the event would be one to write down in football annals.

There was once a man who, when he had a spot on his coat, was wont to send the garment to a chemist that the spot might be analyzed and the proper solvents used. A good rubbing with almost anything will take out many spots, and while the analytical method is surer, it takes too long for every-day life, both in coats and football. Mr. Forbes and his Harvard committee, realizing this, made preparations accordingly, and such work as they deemed essential in the analytical line was performed in the winter and spring. Thus, for almost the first time in the history of the sport at Cambridge, there is at least one man who, in the first week of October, knows what the Harvard team is going to use in the way of plays, and, as far as accidents can be barred, in the way of players as well. It is in that one little reservation, "as far as accidents can be barred," that the whole difficulty lies. If the eleven can be chosen and kept intact, then it is not only perfectly safe to select the team in midwinter, but every play that the team is to use. But plays, to be most successful, must be adapted to the men who are to bring them off, and a change in men may necessitate a change in play. The most illustrative instance of this is the simplest form of an end run. This play can only be performed by the assistance of, at the very least, two fast men—the runner, with the ball, and the interferer, who stays with him until he circles the outside man. Consequently, these two must work together perfectly. When this play is brought to its highest development it only requires one chance accident to either of these players to render it inefficacious and practically useless. And this is but an instance.

One of the Harvard players of note tells me, however, that Harvard had three good candidates for each position before making the selection. That should mean that the available substitute material is more plentiful than any former coach or captain found it. The Williams game showed that men will get injured no matter how carefully prepared, but it will take a lot of injuries to demonstrate that the principle is not a sound one. Meantime the steady practice of going through their plays, with the occasional spur of a sharp hard game against an outside team, is bringing out better uniformity of speed in the execution of the manœuvres than any of the former teams exhibited at this time of year.

But a serious question is going to menace the team and coaches by the 1st of November, and that is, whether the plays adopted are sufficiently advanced football. Any one who saw the big games of last season knows that the play of '95 would not have stood a chance against the play of '96, and that corresponding advance in tactics is likely to be made in '97. It is easy to name a few instances that demonstrate this. In '95 Harvard went down to Princeton and found that their system of defending the punter behind their line was antiquated and useless, and lost the game accordingly. Princeton found her method of '95, which was then comparatively safe, made no protection against the new method of coming through adopted by Yale. In '95 the pass direct to the kicker was practically unknown, yet in '96 it was practised successfully, and will be still further used in '97.

It would take too long and prove too intricate a matter to explain the similar advances made in offensive tactics; but it is known to every man who follows the game closely that a like progress is being made along that line, and especially in the development of mass and concentrated plays—that the team relying upon a policy of standing upon the plays of former years, and merely perfecting those, is going to have much to think of when thrown into the big matches of November. The acquisition also of that football instinct, as it were, of diagnosing the coming play of the opponent depends almost entirely upon the lessons learned in repeated daily practice, and a strong, able defence can be acquired most successfully, provided the system adopted is correct in its principles—in that way, and in that way alone.

A team having had but few plays in variety tried against them, and those only two or three times a week, is by no means as reliable as one practised under the old methods. And the individuals composing that team may be sound in wind and limb, and yet be defeated from lack of experience. It took experience to teach the Harvard team of last year their defence, and I would rather have Dunlop, lame and almost disabled as he was during the Princeton game, behind my line on the defence in a tight pinch than many another sound, fresh man whose defence was the result of theory and not of practical every-day play. The 1st of November will be too late to do the work that requires weeks of daily practice, and it is upon this point that the present system may be found lacking. If so, will the advantages, and they are many, make up for the weakness? One can only guess at the answer.

Meantime at New Haven there never was harder, steadier daily driving. An entirely new team, with a thousand "prep. school" faults, is being hammered into shape. Mr. Butterworth and Captain Rodgers and their aids are teaching them, like "Sergeant Whatshisname," "to stand upon their feet and play the game," and the lesson is no child's play. If both Harvard and Yale had veteran teams, or if they both had new teams, I fancy nine out of ten old players or coaches would believe that the daily hard drive at Yale would win out over the more careful handling at Cambridge. But the Harvard method is especially adapted to their present team, and Yale's method is one that does not fit every man, and may even spoil some.

Then, too, Yale is putting an appalling amount of time upon straight runs by the backs, old-fashioned line-bucking, and round the ends, which are plays that the average centreman, tackle, and end has been drilled to stop ever since he first put on jacket or walked across the white lines of a gridiron. It is hard to believe that, save perhaps one or two sensational runs, any regular amount of ground will be gained by these in the big matches of 1897. And it will be perilous work to teach a team new plays after the middle of this month. Harvard's plays, while not new, are advanced football compared with Yale's at the present time, and if they both stay where they are in that respect, Princeton and Pennsylvania will have a marked advantage, for both these are making use of the more modern development of the mass and close play.

In fact, at this writing, Princeton and Pennsylvania outclass Yale and Harvard, not so much in men as in method. If Yale and Harvard were up to date in the concentration of several men against a single point in the opponent's line, they would be scoring with ease against the teams they are meeting, and would run up totals, even in twenty and fifteen minute halves, of close to 40 points. When Princeton starts her interference it comes together on the jump and simply mows the men down. Nor is Pennsylvania far behind in this regard; and both teams, in short halves, are running up scores of even 50 points and over.

Much has been said about "good old-fashioned football," and there is nothing better than that to lay the foundations of a team or of an individual player; but this year's season is too short to allow for many days spent upon the rudiments, and, so long as the rules make mass plays and their development of so great importance, it is certain that a winning team must acquire that style of interference. An end run, as briefly described earlier in this column, is an instance of good old-fashioned football. An end run of to-day is a different affair. To bring it off, the coach starts a concentrated mass play on tackle; then, instead of sending it on through the tackle, he warps it out, and when the runner reaches the end, or goes by the point lately occupied by him, instead of, as in the old-fashioned game, one, or possibly two, interferers bowling the end over, he is simply smothered or wiped off the face of the earth by a heavily moving compact mass of men.

While Pennsylvania and Princeton were letting their "machine" plays run over Gettysburg and Rutgers last Wednesday, Harvard was engaged with Bowdoin, and while exhibiting more concentration than formerly, was still erratic in action. Yale was struggling, literally struggling, with Amherst, and just managing to scrape up 18 points. The individual play was not half bad, and the men all showed far more dash than did last year's team at any point of their career. But the plays they used were too simple for to-day. It is possible that it is impracticable to move on to more intricate manœuvres with such green material, but it must be done shortly or there will be no time left to perfect the plays.

The man who has thus far done by all odds the best playing upon the Yale field is Ransom, unfortunately an ineligible. His work is of especial interest, however, for two reasons: first, because he plays as if he liked the game for itself, and is glad to be of service even without the reward of a place on the team; and next, because he represents the product of the football school of California. A few years ago we found their hurdlers first-class, in fact, only one Eastern man could beat them; and now an opportunity has, for the first time, been afforded us of comparing a thoroughly good Pacific coast football-player with our Eastern product. The result is rather hard upon our self-confidence, for Mr. Ransom, of the University of California, is to-day a better man both in running and punting than any man who has played by his side at New Haven thus far this season. His style is better, and considering his teacher, for it was Mr. Butterworth who put the finishing touches on, there is no reason to be particularly surprised that he knows how to keep his feet to the very last. In spite of the fact that he is barred, he will be of great utility to the Yale coach through his ability to hit the line hard, keep going, and especially assist his fellow-runners.

The Paris *Figaro* is discussing and evidently believes in mental epidemics. The football coach believes more in mental contagion, and if Ransom can inoculate the men who play by his side, Mr. Butterworth will be gratified. Some of the men are a bit "line-shy," if one may be permitted the expression. They run up almost to the line and then swerve, looking for impossible openings. This was essentially the fault of Yale's men behind the line last season, and some of it has evidently been handed down. There is nothing that spoils a back more surely than this fault, and unless recovery is speedy it seldom comes at all. It is in this respect, in particular, that the character of Princeton's play surpasses that of both Yale and Harvard. Her men are not yet up to form, but the direction—the line of play—of the men is preserved. The men run true. Every day seems to add to the belief that Wheeler as a punter and Baird as a drop-kicker will make an unequalled pair. The centre is not yet wholly satisfactory. The real trouble is that not enough work is done there, and some team will, if no improvement comes, surprise Princeton by slicing a runner through at that point.

Saturday's games showed Pennsylvania still running up big scores, Yale improving materially in forward work, while Harvard and Princeton are not yet satisfactory in the middle of their lines. Dartmouth put up an excellent game in the first half against Harvard, and Wesleyan played her best game of the season against West Point. It is impossible to get any measure of Cornell's or Lafayette's real ability as yet, on account of the teams they are meeting. Next Saturday will try out several of the good teams and exhibit the lines their coaches mean to follow.

Walter Camp.

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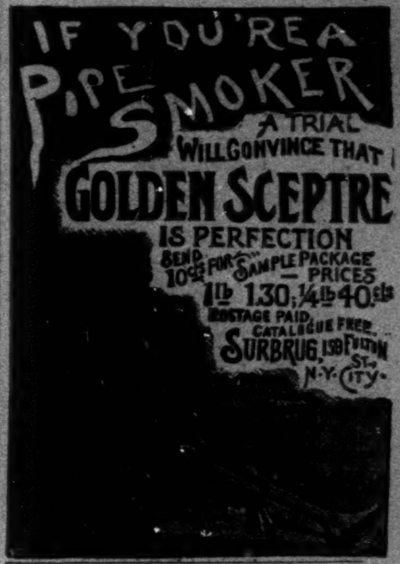

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